

PART 90

VOL. 15

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE STUDY OF THE FACE ILLUSTRATED WITH
BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS OF INFLEXIBILITY
AND SAGACITY

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THE STUDY OF THE FACE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF STEEL ENGRAVING.

By THOMAS WOOLNOTH.

INFLEXIBILITY.

INFLEXIBILITY, which has no less the determined property of Resolution than the distinguishing feature of Obstinacy, implies nothing more, in the abstract of the term, than a fixedness of mind, irrespective of any good or ill quality to which it may be attached: it will, therefore, be considered in its unqualified acceptance—that of rigidity of character.

As certain qualities impress the mind more powerfully from what is observed in the subjects of them, than in the definition of the qualities themselves, the attention will be directed rather to the nature and practice of the parties which come under the description, and who are usually denominated "*hard men*." These persons are remarkable for an unvarying countenance and inflexibility of feature, which gives them what may be termed "*cast-iron faces*:" to those who recollect them formerly, they would seem to be much the same as when they originally came out of the nursery, with very little alteration, except in their growth; and must have been in their infancy, to all appearance, a sort of mannikins, or little men. Such negative-looking beings flatter themselves that by a total want of expression they evade all suspicion as to their intentions—little aware that there are marks of distinction by which they may be as easily known as the zebra by his stripes, or the leopard by his spots. These business-like men (for such they invariably are), finding themselves happily relieved from the ordinary restraints of feeling, confine their calculations to what they consider "the one thing needful," and have no idea that they came into the world for any other purpose than that of making the most of it; hence they acquire a worldly shrewdness, by which their social intercourse becomes a matter of political exchange, while they look upon every green herb and every living thing in the light of marketable commodities. It is here that the mind with all its affections seems locked up and encased, and so partakes of the hard material which encloses it, that if it were possible to give it substance, it would come out from the body the same as a cast from a mould: nay, one might carry the speculation further, and believe that if, by any stretch of fancy, we could pass these obdurate through the same flame with a diamond, it would be difficult to imagine which would dissolve first.

Cautious as these persons are in shutting up the house, there are two windows they are obliged to leave open—those outlets of the eyes, through which

may be discovered certain secrets that may give the close observer some idea of the kind of tenantry which is in its occupation. It may be noticed frequently, if not generally, that their outward appearance is stiff and uncompromising, exhibiting few symptoms of having learnt to dance, and the whole of the unbending machinery looks as if it were built for service rather than made for society; as nothing, however, is made without design, it is reasonable to conclude that they are born for certain offices or employments, to which they are so mutually fitted and squared, that it is of necessity we see them insinuated among such as stock-jobbers, money-scriveners, or the worthless fragments of the more honourable profession called "*limbs of the law*." It is well for them, they think, when by some side duty they can append the office of overseer, or guardian of the poor, as by this last work of charity they hope to procure a double passport to pocket and peace of mind, and thus obtain both worlds at once without the inconvenience of deserving either. These gravities (to save appearances) will present themselves at Divine Service once on every Sabbath-day at least; and if they can only take a share in the General Confession, get a discharge by the Absolution, wake-out the discourse, and become creditor, perhaps, by holding a plate at the church-door, they consider they have preserved a pretty equal balance of their accounts, and have got so far in advance of their duty as to be qualified to renew their license, and fetch up their arrears of unfulfilled iniquity. As long, however, as the wheels of business are in order, all seems to go on well; nor can they be persuaded that this state of things will not always last. One of these characters had his hard materials so softened by a fever as to threaten his very dissolution: the accusing spirit, which he fancied he had long got rid of, made its re-appearance, and paid him a few dusky visits, which extorted from him the *usual* promises of restitution and amendment of life, *on condition* of his being restored. "Ah!" said he to a serious friend, "should my unworthy life be spared, I am resolved I never will be again the man I have been!" His friend left him under these hopeful impressions; but, repeating his visit, he found him considerably better; and, being in that mixed state of mind which comes in between *hope and fear*, as the former grace advanced, he addressed his friend in a somewhat different tone, and, in language not exactly suited to a sick chamber, said, "that his plaguey long illness had thrown his business most confoundedly in arrears, but he hoped soon to fetch all up again; that there were two or three persons



he had in his eye, whom he was only waiting to arrest; and that many who had been making very *kind enquiries* after his *health* would be most cruelly disappointed at finding him about again!"

One reason why these men are so hard upon the necessities and feelings of others may be from the supposition that they can have none, because their own deficiencies are made up in such a gratuitous manner; their incidental weakness of mind being compensated by a strength of nerve and brainless insensibility which renders them alike impervious to appeal and attack; and it is only when friends or connections do not interpose, or fortune does not appear for them, that they are compelled to answer the legitimate ends of justice and their creation.

If one might intervene one indemnifying quality which lies at the root of their prosperity, it is industry; and here they would almost shame "the old one," who, in this particular, must be allowed to share his reputation with them, as well as for other things; unfortunately for them, however, there is a subordinate intercourse going on the while, which they are not at all aware of; nor do they in the least suspect they are kept by their old benefactor much as they keep their own dependents, or as people keep bees, by affording them shelter till they have made their deposit, and then fuming them well out for their pains: it is thus that these exactors become extractors, and command the labours of those who have nothing else to give. Shylock could be satisfied with a certain amount of flesh, but these would not only rob you of your flesh, but bleach your very bones; they seem endowed, as it were, with all the privileges of the Egyptian taskmasters, and are just the kind of men who have brought about that condition of black and white bondage, which has been dragged through every grade and shade of humanity, from the slave-market down to the loom and factory, and the more unsuspected abodes of domestic tyranny: none, however, of their wretched dependents are likely to become victims of midnight dissipation, having learned a more laborious manner of turning night into day; nor are they likely to get any discharge from their labours till nature shall give them one in full; even their dreams of better things are cut short by the early alarm, which awakens them to the accustomed and miserable sense of their being, and teaches them a new method of shortening their lives by lengthening their days.

Now, whatever of "the green bay-tree" may be in their outward condition, they are in a state of banishment amidst their own possessions; and so shut up within their enclosures that neither friend (if any) nor stranger can venture upon the confines of their territories without the secret caution that steel traps and spring guns are set in their grounds. In return for all this, the world yields them no more respect than they are able to purchase; and as to honours, they are so universally blackballed in society as never even to dream of any.

INFLEXIBILITY.

The annexed head, which is to be seen in such a variety of form and character, is represented under one general hard expression, and introduced as a peculiar example of rigidity of muscle and inflexibility of feature.

The eyes *rimmy*, of a metallic appearance; with a determined brow, remarkably hard; and that which constitutes the breadth of the upper and underlid particularly so; with a corresponding tightness in those parts which unite the eyes to the nose.

The nose with equally determined lines, and such as one seldom sees in faces of more flexibility and softness.

The mouth with all the characteristics of Decision, but sufficiently plausible to conceal the design, and cover the hard expression.

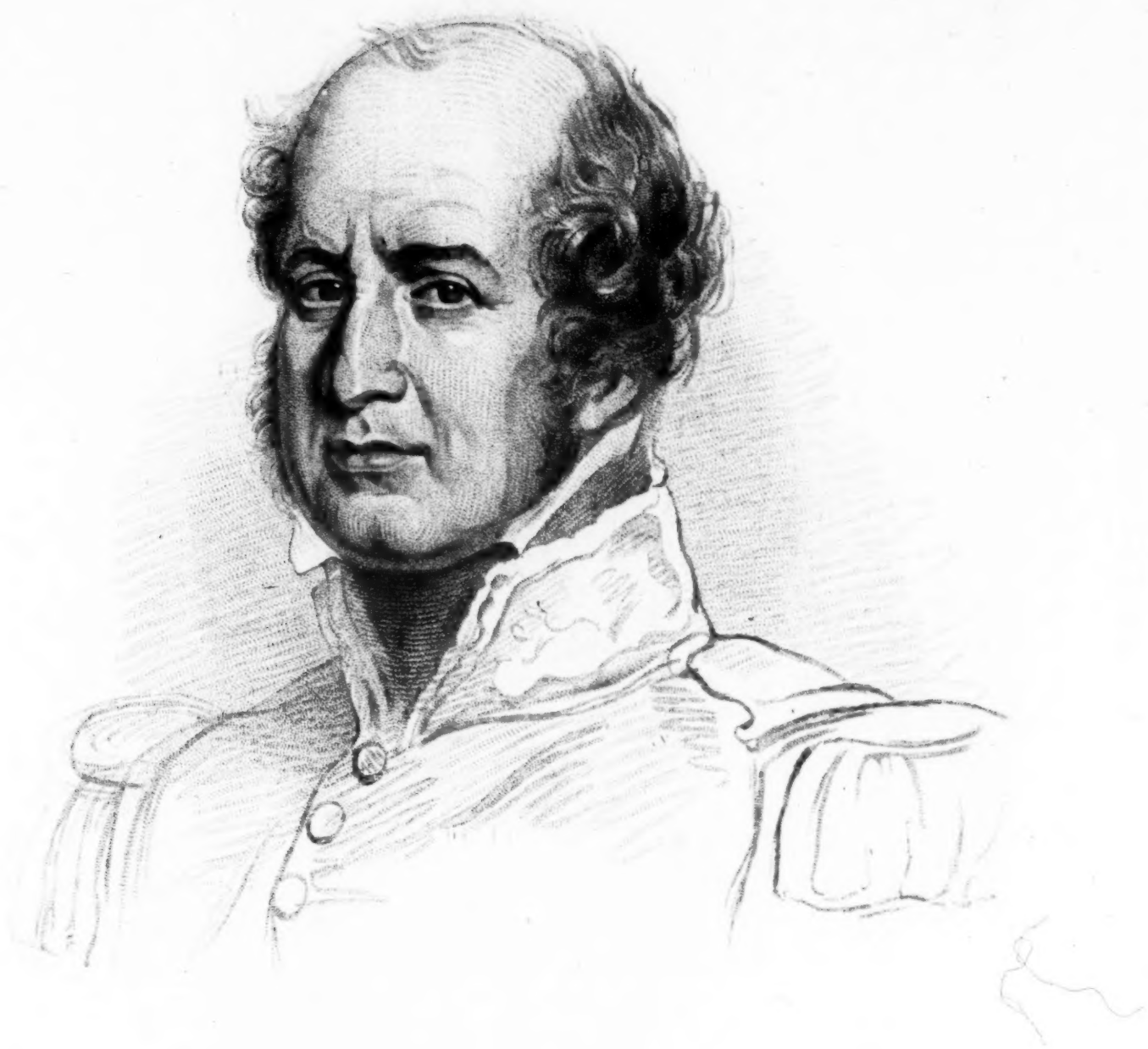
That part of the forehead which unites with the brow especially keeping up the hard consistency: the chin partaking of the same nature.

An emotionless countenance, having one unvarying look, which appears as though it were originally imprinted by nature, and afterwards stereotyped by art.

Frequently accompanied by a studied and corresponding stiffness of dress.

SAGACITY.

SAGACITY is that provisional quality of the mind which (having regard to the whole economy of life) enables its possessor to make the best use of one world at least; it is therefore the design in this connection to separate it from that true wisdom which is said to make us wise for both, and to consider it in relation to the one we now inhabit. This quality, which establishes the throne of princes, and exalts the condition of the meanest subject, is never in such high esteem as when attached to statesmen and patriots; especially those who, if they could only have bequeathed their countenances with their services, would have prevented all mistakes and misrepresentations by becoming their own biographers. We have now the advantage of applying line and rule to the visibilities of our own day, and of interposing the physiognomical art between those noble characters we cannot mistake and those who wish to be mistaken for them; such, for instance, as take office in virtue of those virtues which their faces inform us they never intend to carry out. This would furnish electors with such useful directions as might save them, perhaps, a long seven years of disappointment, by teaching them to depend upon the countenances rather than the professions of candidates for what they really have to expect; and on no account to be represented by them, till they first see how they represent themselves; assured that there is nothing wanting in the heart or the understanding that has not a corresponding deficiency in the face; and from which deficiencies, in



Sagacity

London: W. Tinsley 1861



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times of especial difficulty, a nation has so often to lament its own.

This penetrating quality enters every department of human ingenuity; in courts of judicature it is not thought sufficient that men should be sagacious, but that they should look so; what, therefore, is wanting in character is made up in costume: to wit, the wig is not only supposed to partake of the expression of the face, but so to reflect back its own, as to give both the peruke and the understanding the full-bottomed advantage of weight and measure; and it is only where the face is so expressionless as to leave nothing for these externals to work upon, that it will have the effect of widening the extremes, and doubling the deficiency by adding vacuity to gravity, and giving the countenance that owl-like look of sagacity which is the very perfection of folly. We apply sagacity to the commander, and skill only to the chess-player, though the same calculating process is essential to both; the same quality in its objective or subjective sense is applicable to all that bear rule or are put in authority under them; also to merchants, traders, parents and guardians, and should be sacred to all the professions; but, alas! useful as it is in law and physic, it seems as useless in literature and art, for how few in the latter departments have been able to turn this quality to living account. Strange it is that, when wits have it not, it is simply because of their being wits; they are not aware that a sentimentalist in the present matter-of-fact day is a kind of utopian in society; an obsolete character that no one chooses to understand; one who is engaged in the loftiest pursuits, but, not having an ounce of sagacity in his practice, is encumbered with a weight of sentiment that must ever prevent him from rising; and who, if he knew what kind of value men put upon this said sentiment, would confine it to his little unknown world, without looking for it in connections where there is about as much occasion for it as in the corn-market or the stock exchange.

We seldom hear of a painter who is able to confine his sentiment to the canvas, or an author that does not bring it out of his books into business. The sons of Apollo have caught their father's graces, but have not yet learnt his wisdom: and the whole sisterhood are sufficiently destitute of this quality to make their own distinctions between ingenuity and sense. The amateur in heart, who may be able to judge of the sentiment conveyed, should be equally so of the manner of conveying it: a want of sagacity greatly to be deplored; for if persons in the present day would take as much pains to acquaint themselves with the principles of art as they perplex themselves about the properties of nature, we should not have so many patronizing mistakes. Some statesmen have furnished us with so much sagacity in their writings, as to leave nothing but their practices out of print, and have thus surprised us with the fact that they, of all others, are not fit to be trusted with the affairs of a nation that are not capable of managing their own: and so of the profligacy of some of our most

eminent writers on moral economy: these professors of propriety and teachers of sobriety have been proverbial for first setting the highest value upon real good, and afterwards for estimating it by its loss.

Those who precipitate acts, even if they should not fall short of them, are frequently sacrificed to the acts themselves. Your aerial castle builders or voyagers should have been admonished of this, who having started from *false premises*, have arrived at such *fatal conclusions*; the less adventurous are still for compromising the risk, by the sapient remark that "there is no danger in going up in a balloon—that the only danger is in the landing;" the same as it might be said, there is no danger in jumping off a house—the only danger is in the landing. The victims of this half-way kind of reasoning might have taken a lesson from Mr. Barrett, who gave the following account of his voyage in the *Times*, an extract of which might not be unacceptable:—"My friend and I took our seat in a field, at the back of Vauxhall Gardens; the whole appearing fair, the signal was given, the cords were cut, and we began to ascend amidst the acclamations of the people; the flying vehicle dragging along, as though loath to leave the mother earth, we threw out all the ballast we could spare, and mounting about three yards above the quick-set hedge, we landed in safety in the adjoining field, having first taken every precaution with the necessary provisions for the journey, such as bread, mutton, flags, &c." It is but justice, however, to the remaining sagacity of these adventurers to remark, that it is the only speculation which is attended with eventual certainty; for—

"Sure as they're up, in spite of wind and weather,
So surely they'll come down some way or other."

Projectors have shown in an eminent degree how they can be wise for everybody but themselves. Take only Sir Hugh Middleton for an example, who first imagined and carried out the design of bringing a canal to London, from its source in Hertfordshire; in which benevolent enterprise he was not aware how far he was sacrificing his own comfort for the convenience of the New River Company; nor, while he was arranging for the supplies of others, how completely he was cutting off his own; and so of numbers besides, who have conducted their affairs in the same ruinous manner, and indulged a forgetful public at their own cost. As to the sagacity of certain animals, we only speak of them as possessing properties beyond their instincts, with this sensible difference, that these instinctive creatures are in the simple practice of what they know, while our reasonable beings (so called) know more than they ever intend to practise. There is, however, a kind of worldly shrewdness which seems as essential to our well-being as our well-doing, and which, politically speaking, enables its possessor so to adapt himself to the circumstances of the times, as to extract from them the greatest amount of personal comfort and secular advantage, without being unjust to others, or injurious to him-

self. It is in vain for Cunning to identify itself with a quality which has in it so much more of discovery than design, as to be found, not in the practice, but pursuit of artifice, which it is able to follow through all its turnings and windings, till entangled in its own intricacies, it fails of obtaining those desirable ends which it is only for this superior quality to arrive at by a direct and honourable course.

SAGACITY.

The head of Sagacity is represented in this instance as being so far irrespective of any good or bad quality to which it might be attached, as to allow the marks of intellect to prevail over the whole.

The intelligence of this subject, mainly seated in the eyes, which are not only penetrating and reflecting, but include in their comprehensive expression a look of shrewdness, and capacity for intrigue, if applied to any worldly purpose; the tendency of the eyes to droop at the corners being a manifest sight of this.

The intellectual expression, reared (as it were) upon the features, lying chiefly in the frontal muscles which unite with the eyes and overhang the brow, and descending with great firmness to the nose, which partakes of the same determined character.

The mouth, in strict accordance with this, remarkably firm, but not so rigid as to prevent a variety of expression.

The forehead, a slight inclination to recede (an exception universally taken to its intellectual character); but in this gentle departure, amply redeemed by being fully developed, and capacious in other parts of its formation.

Compactness of feature, especially to be observed in the delineation of this order of face; being as certainly indicative of strength of mind, as it invariably is of force of expression.

The general aspect possessing none of that severity too often mistaken for sagacity; the muscles a tendency to relax from an occasional fixed expression, and the disposition of the whole, if viewed aright, by no means incompatible with benevolence.

THE institutions of a country depend in great measure on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land and the rights attached to it alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus forms an essential part of political science and history.—*Moser.*

THE WHITE GAUNTLET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

(Continued from p. 176.)

CHAPTER XCVII.

OF all who enjoyed the sports of the hawking party, no one had left it with a heavier heart than Marion Wade. The shadows of night descending upon the lake—as the company took their departure from its shores—might symbolize the shadow that had fallen upon her heart. Throughout the afternoon, it had been a hard struggle with her to conceal her chagrin from curious eyes; to appear joyous, amid so many happy faces; to wear a pretended smile, while those around were laughing gaily.

All this, however, her strength of character had enabled her to accomplish; though it was like removing a load from off her breast, when the falling shades of the twilight summoned the party to a separation.

That night no sleep for Marion Wade—not enough to give her a moment's relief from the thoughts that tortured her. Her couch was occupied; but not so much as the chair that stood beside it. Her pillow had been pressed, but with a pale and sleepless cheek; and often, during the night, had she risen from both couch and chair; and paced the floor of her apartment, like one under the influence of a delirious dream.

The bosom that has been betrayed can alone understand the nature of her reflections. Perhaps only a woman's heart can fully appreciate the pain she was enduring? Hers had received into its inmost recesses—into the very citadel of life itself—the image of the heroic Holtspur. It was still there; but all around it was rankling with poison.

The arrow had entered. Its distilled venom pervaded the bosom it had pierced. There was no balsam to subdue the pain—no hope to afford the slightest solace—only regret for the past, and despair for the future.

Until that day, Marion Wade had never known what it was to be truly unhappy. Her pangs of jealousy, hitherto experienced, were slight, compared with those which were now wringing her heart. Even her apprehensions for the fate of her lover had been endurable: since hope for his safety had never wholly forsaken her. During the interval, that had elapsed since his escape, she had not been to say unhappy. Her heart had been fortified by hope; and still farther supported by the remembrance of that last sweet interview. She had given way to no reflections of a very melancholy character. So long as Holtspur lived, and loved her, she felt that she could be happy—even under those circumstances hypothetically foreshadowed in his parting speech.

There were times when she pondered on their mysterious import; when she wondered what such a supposed possibility could mean—and not without a vague sense of dissatisfaction.

But she had not allowed such reflections to intrude

themselves, either often or long. Her love was too loyal, too trusting, to be shaken by suspicions. She remembered how unjust had been those formerly indulged in; and, influenced by this memory, she had resolved never again to give way to doubt, without some certain sign—such as the return of that token, as had been arranged between them. She might have had cause to wonder, why she had not heard from him—if only a word to ensure her of his safety. But she was not chagrined by his silence. The risk of communicating with her might account for it. Under an hypocritical pretence of duty—of obedience to orders he dared not depart from—the cuirassier captain permitted nothing—not even an epistle—to pass inside the mansion of Sir Marmaduke Wade, without being first submitted to his own scrutiny.

Since the hour of his escape, the first intimation she had had of her lost lover—almost the first time she had heard his name pronounced—was when coupled with that word, that was now filling her with woe. "*His wife!*" had been the emphatic phrase that fell from the lips of Dorothy Dayrell.

Marion had heard no more. She had stayed for no farther torture from those scandal-loving lips; though, perhaps, had she listened to the after explanations of the courtier Wayland, she might have parted from the spot, less a prey to painful fancies.

She had heard that her lover—the man to whom she had surrendered the reins of her heart—was the husband of another. That was knowledge enough for one hour of woe—aye, for a whole lifetime of chagrin and repentance.

Though in the midst of that gay assemblage, she had not stayed to listen to an explanation, she was now desirous of having it. So long as the slightest remnant of either hope or doubt remains within the mind, it cannot feel satisfaction. It will seek the truth—although the search may conduct it to ruin.

So had determined the daughter of Sir Marmaduke Wade, during the mid-hours of that dread night; and, long before the great bell of Bulstrode summoned its retainers to their daily toil, the young mistress of that lordly mansion might have been seen—closely wrapped in cloak and hood—issuing forth from one of its portals; and, under the grey light of dawn, with quick but stealthy step, making her way over the dew-bespangled pastures of the park.

The gate through which she had often passed into the high-road—often, of late, with a heart trembling in sweet anticipation—was the one towards which she now directed her steps.

How different was now her prospect! how dissimilar her purpose! She went not forth to meet one, who, though still undeclared, she instinctively believed to be her lover—loyal and true.

Her errand was not of this joyous nature, but the sad reverse. It was to make inquiries as that lover's loyalty, or seek confirmation of his falsehood!

CHAPTER XCVIII.

As a soldier, Captain Scarthe was accustomed to keep early hours. It was a rare circumstance for him to be abed after six o'clock in the morning. In those times of political agitation, the military man often took part in state intrigues; and in this craft the cuirassier captain, under the guidance of his royal patroness, had inextricably engaged himself.

The double duty entailed upon him an extensive correspondence, to which his morning hours were chiefly devoted. Although essentially a man of pleasure, he did not surrender himself to idleness. He was too ambitious to be inactive, and both his military and political duties were attended to with system and energy.

On the day of the hawking party, his correspondence had got behind; and, to clear off the arrears, he was astir at a very early hour next morning, and busy by his writing table.

His military and political despatches were not the only matters that called for the use of his pen on that particular morning. Upon the table before him lay a sealed packet, that might have contained a letter, but evidently something more—something of a different character, as indicated by its shape and size.

But there was no letter inside; and the object within the envelope might be guessed at, by the soliloquy that escaped the lips of Captain Scarthe, as he sat regarding it. It was a glove—the *white gauntlet*, once worn upon the hand of Marion Wade—once worn upon the hat of Henry Holtspur; and thence surreptitiously abstracted. *It was once more to be restored to its original owner*, in a secret and mysterious manner; and to that end had it been enclosed in its wrapping of spotless paper, and sealed with a blank seal stamp. As yet there was no superscription upon the parcel; and he who had made it up, sat contemplating it—pen in hand—as if uncertain as to how he should address it. It was not that, however, about which he was pausing. He knew the address well enough. It was the mode of writing it—the chirography—that was occupying his thoughts.

"Ha!" he exclaimed at length, "an excellent idea! It must be like his handwriting, which, in all probability, she is acquainted with. I can easily imitate it. Thank fortune I've got copies enough—in this traitorous correspondence."

As he said this, he drew towards him a number of papers, consisting of letters and other documents. They were those he had taken from Stone Dean, on the morning of Holtspur's arrest.

After regarding them for some moments—with the attention of an expert, in the act of deciphering some difficult manuscript—he took his pen and wrote upon the parcel the words, *Mistress Marion Wade*.

"That will be enough," reflected he. "The address is superfluous. It would never do for it to be delivered at the house. It must be put into her hands secretly, and as if sent by a trusty messenger. There's no reason why she should mistrust the

woodman. She may know him to have been in Holtspur's service, and can scarce have heard of his defection. He'll do. He must watch for an opportunity, when she goes out. I wonder what delays the knave. He should have been here by this time. I told him to come before daylight. Ha! speak of the fiend—that must be his shadow passing the window?"

As Scarthe said this, he hastily rose to his feet; scattered some drying sand over the wet superscription; and, taking the packet from the table, walked towards the door to meet his visitor.

It was the traitor Walford, whose shadow had been seen passing the window. His patron found him standing on the step.

He was not admitted inside the house. The business for the execution of which he was required, had been already arranged; and a few words of instruction, spoken in a low tone, sufficed to give him a full understanding of its nature.

He was told that the packet then placed in his hands, was for Mistress Marion Wade; that he was to watch for an opportunity when she should be out of doors; and deliver it to her, if possible, unseen by any third party. He was instructed to assume an air of secrecy; to announce himself as a messenger from Holtspur; and, after delivering a verbal message—supposed to proceed from the cavalier, but carefully concocted by Scarthe—he was to hasten out of the lady's presence, and shun the danger of a cross-questioning.

"Now, begone!" commanded his patron, when he had finished the lesson. "Get away from the house, if you can, without being observed. It won't do for you to be seen here at this early hour—least of all on a visit to me. Let me know when you have succeeded; and if you do the business adroitly, I shall double this *douceur*."

As Scarthe said this, he slipped a gold coin into the hand of the pseudo-messenger; and, turning upon his heel walked back towards his apartment.

The woodman, after grinning gleefully at the gold that lay glistening in his palm, thrust the piece into his pocket; and, gliding down from the steps, commenced making his retreat through the shrubbery. He little thought how near he was to the opportunity he desired—of earning the duplicate of that *douceur*.

But fate, or the fiend, was propitious to him. On clearing the moated enclosure, he saw before him the form of a woman, closely wrapped in cloak and hood.

She, too, seemed hastening onward with stealthy step; but the tall, symmetrical figure, and the rich robes that enveloped it, left no doubt upon the mind of Walford as to the person who was preceding him down the sloping avenue of Bulstrode Park. It was the young mistress of the mansion—she for whom his message was intended—she who would be made wretched by its delivery.

The emissary of Scarthe neither knew, nor would have cared, for this. His only thought was to earn the promised perquisite; and, with this object in view, he followed the female figure fast gliding toward the gate of the park.

CHAPTER XCIX.

As we have said, Marion had sallied forth to make inquiries as to her lover's disloyalty, or, rather, to seek confirmation of his falsehood. Who could give this confirmation? From whom were the inquiries to be made?

There could be no one save Holtspur himself; and the white letter—clutched in a hand almost as white as the paper itself—concealed under her cloak, gave some clue to her design. That epistle had been penned by the light of the midnight lamp, and sealed under a flood of scorching tears.

There was no direction upon it—only the name, *Henry Holtspur*. She knew not his address; but was taking it to a place of deposit—in the hope of finding some one who might be able to forward it.

The path she was following pointed to this place. It was the road leading to Stone Dean.

It was not the first time she had thought of thus endeavouring to communicate with her absent lover. She had been hindered, partly through fear of being betrayed by those to whom her letter might be entrusted—partly by the feminine reflection that he, not she, should be the first to write—and partly by the hope, deferred from day to day, that he would find some means of communicating with *her*.

These hindrances were no more to be regarded. An epistle was now to be dispatched to him,—one whose contents were far different to that hitherto intended. It was no longer a letter of love, but one of reproaches and regrets.

Quickly, and silently, did she glide upon her errand. Absorbed by its painful nature, she fancied herself unobserved. She saw not that dark thing skulking but a short distance behind her, like an evil shadow, ill defined, under the dim light of the day-break—and keeping pace with her as she advanced.

It was the figure of a man who had passed from the portals of the mansion close behind her; not by design: for it was only after crossing through the thicket that he appeared to have perceived her. Then only had he assumed the crouching attitude and stealthy gait, that told he was now dogging her steps.

Unconscious of the proximity of her suspicious follower, she moved on along the forest road—a path well known to her. Never before had she trodden it with a heavier heart. Never before had she stood under the shadow of that tree—to her now sadly sacred—influenced by such painful emotion.

She paused beneath its branches. She could not resist the mystic spell, which the place seemed to cast around her. There was something, even in the sadness of its souvenirs, that had a soothing effect upon her spirit. It could scarce have been more embittered.

Whether soothing, or saddening, she was permitted to indulge only a short time in her solitary reflections. A heavy footfall was heard approaching along the path, and shuffling among the crisp leaves with which it was bestrewed. The sounds grew louder and nearer; until he who was causing them

came in sight—a rustic making his way through the wood.

Marion knew the man—the woodman Walford.

She knew him only by sight, and but slightly. She had no words for such as he—especially in an hour like that.

She moved not. Her eyes were averted. The man might have passed on, without receiving from her even a nod of recognition, had such been his wish.

It was only on hearing her own name pronounced, and seeing the peasant advance towards her, that the young lady took note of his presence.

"Mistress Wade!" muttered he, awkwardly uncovering his head, and making a bow of doubtful politeness.

"What want you with me, sir?" asked the lady, in a tone that betrayed both annoyance and astonishment.

"I've been follerin' thee, mistress, all the way frae the big house. I wanted to see thee alone."

"Alone! And for what purpose, sirrah?"

The interrogatory was uttered in a tone that betrayed indignation, not unmingled with alarm. No wonder. He to whom it was addressed was the last man with whom a lady would elect to hold an interview, alone, and in the heart of a wood.

Was the rustic intruding himself upon her with an evil intention?

Her apprehensions, thus quickly conceived, were as speedily dissipated by the man declaring himself to be simply a messenger.

"I ha' brought thee a package, Mistress Wade," said he, drawing something from under the skirt of his doublet. "It be a small 'un, I trow; but for all that I darn't gie it ye afore company—for I had orders not to, by him as sent me."

"Who sent you?" hastily inquired she, at the same time taking the packet from the hand of the cautious porter.

"Master Holtspur," bluntly replied the man.

He needed not to have given the name; for the superscription on the packet had been already recognized.

"I darn't stay here aside ye," continued he. "Some of them may come this way, an' see us thegither. I've only to tell ye that Master Holtspur be safe; an' that it be all right atween him an' his wife. They be reconciled agin. But I needn't be tellin ye that: I s'pose it's all wrote inside the package. Now, mistress, I must away, an' get back to him as sent me. Good mornin'."

With another grotesque attempt at polite salutation, the deliverer of the message walked hurriedly away; and was soon lost to the sight of its astonished recipient.

Marion had listened to his words without knowing their wicked design—without even suspecting that they were false. But, false or true, she did not suppose there could be a new pang conveyed in their meaning. She had already felt the sting, as she supposed,—in all its black bitterness! She did not believe in the same quiver; there was another

arrow that bore upon its point a still more potent poison.

She felt it, as with trembling fingers she broke the seal, and tore open the envelope of that tiny parcel. To her heart's core she felt it, as her eyes rested upon the contents. Her token returned to her—that fatal gift.

The glove dropped to the ground; and, with a suppressed scream—that sounded like the knell of a shattered heart—sank Marion Wade beside it.

For some moments she lay reclined along the grass, like some beautiful statue struck down from its pedestal. She was not unconscious—only unnerved, and rendered powerless by a quick spasm of despair.

Beyond the stifled scream, that escaped her as she fell, no sound passed from her lips. Hers was a despair that speech was incapable of relieving. There was nothing on which hope could hinge itself. The restored token told the tale in all its sad reality. A volume could not have made the information more complete. *Holtspur no longer loved her!*

There was even a more fell reflection. *He had never loved her:* else how could he have changed so soon?

The paroxysm at length passed; and the prostrate form once more stood erect. Erect, but not triumphant. Sad and subdued was the spirit that animated it—almost shivered by that fearful shock.

In silent agony she turned her face homeward. She no more remembered the errand that had summoned her forth. It was no longer of any importance. The information she would have sought had met her on the way—had been communicated, with a fullness and certainty that left nothing to be added. Holtspur loved her no more. With that knowledge in her mind, what mattered it whether he were married or no? But the words of the messenger had equally ended all doubt of this. If there might be any lingering uncertainty, as to what she had heard, there could be none as to what she saw. There lay the White Gauntlet under her eyes—down among the weeds. It lay neglected, as if without an owner—no more to be regarded by Marion Wade; or only as the cause of her anguish.

Slowly and sadly she retraced the forest path; slowly and sadly she re-entered the enclosure of the park; slowly and sadly returned along that avenue, once trodden by her with a bosom trembling under supremest joy.

CHAPTER C.

The course which Scarthe was pursuing may seem strange. He now knew that for the hand of Marion Wade Holtspur could not be his rival; and his trick, of returning the glove, may appear without an object.

It was not so, however. He was still uncertain as to the state of her heart—still in doubt whether the white gauntlet had not been a *gage d'amour*. If so, the restoring of it in the manner intended,

could not fail to produce some feeling in his own favour; if not, no evil could result to him from the act.

Little did he anticipate the terrible effect which that returned token, with the message that accompanied it, would have upon her who was to receive it. He knew nothing of the strange conditions which the lovers had arranged at their last parting. On his side the sending back of the glove was a mere conjectural experiment—made under a vague belief that it might, to some slight extent, further his interests. If in the mind of Marion Wade there existed a partiality for the patriot conspirator, a slight such as that should crush out every vestige of the feeling; and create a reaction in favour of the first fresh lover who might present himself.

Scarthe had too much experience in the heart of woman to have reasoned thus—had he not been purblind with his own passion. In this condition, however, he gave way to a belief, that, under other circumstances, he would have instantly rejected.

He was influenced by considerations of another kind. The hand of Marion Wade was almost as desirable as her heart—or rather the fortune that should accompany it. The cuirassier captain possessed but his pay—along with proud patronage it is true—but, neither was anything to make him, what he should become as the son-in-law of Sir Marmaduke Wade.

The crisis had arrived to attempt bringing about this desired relationship. It must not be delayed. The power he possessed for its accomplishment might at any moment pass out of his hands. The times were uncertain; and procrastination might imperil his chances of success.

The sending of the glove was the first act in the tragedy, or comedy—whichever it may be called. It was to be followed by a declaration of marriage. If the offer should be accepted, well; if not, then stronger measures were to be adopted.

Such was the programme that had passed through the mind of Richard Scarthe, and was still before it, as he paced the floor of his apartment, an hour after having dismissed the messenger Walford.

"I wonder," said he, as he reflected upon the importance of time, "when the fellow will succeed in delivering his precious parcel. He's but a dull-brained dolt, this Walford; though knave enough for that, or anything else. I hope he won't be so stupid as to bring it back to the house; or give it her in the presence of any one. Surely he will have understood my instructions about that. I told him to watch for her till she walked abroad, and alone. Ha! when may that be? Perhaps not to-day; nor to-morrow; nor for many days! I'm burning with impatience to bring the business to a conclusion. What, after all my well-conceived strategy, if—Ho! who comes yonder? By Heaven! 'tis Walford! What brings the brute back? From the grin upon that hideous countenance of his—intended, no doubt, for a smile—one might fancy he had already accomplished his errand. I must go forth and meet him—before he shows himself in front of the

windows. It's early yet; still some of them may be astir."

With this reflection, Scarthe seized his beaver; and, flinging it upon his crown, sallied forth out of the house.

In the thick of the shrubbery he encountered the returning envoy.

"Well, Master Walford," said he, "what has brought you back so soon? Has anything miscarried?"

"Not as I knows on, Master Capten. Only as bein' an early bird this mornin' I ha' picked up the early worum."

"Ah! what mean you?"

"I gin it to her."

"Gin it to her? What, and to whom?"

"The packidge—to the young lady."

"What, you don't mean that you have seen—"

"Misress Marion? Sartintly I do, Master Capten. Seed her; gied her the packidge; an' sayed, what you told me to say."

"When, where?"

"For the first, it han't been gone a half-hour since the words passed out o' my mouth; and as to the where, that war 'bout a mile from hecar—on the wood road as runs from the Park to Stone Dean."

"She there at this hour? You must be mistaken, my man?"

"No mistake about it, Master Capten; I seed her, and spoke to her, as you bid me. I've seed her a many a time along that road. It be a favourite ride wi' her; but she bean't a horseback this mornin'. She be afoot."

"And alone, you say?"

"Sartinly, Master: else how could I ha' gied her the packidge? You told me to let no one see me giein' it to her."

"This is strange," muttered Scarthe to himself.

"You are sure there was no one near her?"

"I seed ne'er a creetur."

"What was she doing?"

"Nothin', Master; only standing under a tree—the big elim as grows in the middle o' the road. I went up to her pretty quick, leest she might gi' me the slip; and when I put the packidge in her hand, and sayed what you told me, I kim directly away."

"You left her there?"

"Left her, jest as I hed found her—under the big elim."

"And you met no one, as you came back along the road?"

"Neyther met, nor passed a sinner."

"You think she may be there still? You say you came direct?"

"Straight as the road 'ud let me, Master I won't say she be thear yet—that are, under the tree; but she ain't got home; for I come as fast as my legs 'ud carry me. I knew you did not want me seen about here; and I thought I would be safest to come afore the sarvints were stirrin' about. She beean't got home yet, nor half o' the way—even supposin' she started right after me."

"The wood road to Stone Dean, you say?"

"That as gooes over the hills. It strikes off from the highway, a leetle beyont the gates o' the park."

"I know—I know. There, my man! Something to get you your morning dram. Away at once; and don't let yourself be seen in my company. Go where you like now; but be in your own nest at night. I may want you."

The messenger took the money; and made instantaneous departure.

"What the deuce can she be doing out at this hour?" inquired Scarthe of himself, as he strode nervously across the parterre.

"Ha! the place—the wood road leading to Stone Dean! Can it be possible that he— The fiends! If it be so, I may yet be in time to take him. Ho, there!" he cried to the guard corporal, who had just stepped outside the courtyard gate. "A dozen men to horse. Quick, corporal! Let them not lose a moment. I shall be out, before they have time to strap on their saddles."

And, having delivered these orders, he turned back into his room; and commenced encasing his body in the steel armour, lying in pieces around the apartment.

In less than ten minutes' time he was armed *cap-a-pie*; and, staying only to quaff off a cup of wine—which he filled from a decanter that stood upon the side table—he passed out of the apartment; and strode clanking along the stone-flagged corridor that communicated with the rear of the dwelling.

Emerging into the courtyard, he mounted his horse—already caparisoned to receive him; and, giving the word of command to the cuirassiers, who had climbed to their saddles, he sprang to his steed; galloped out of the gate; and on toward the entrance of the park—that entrance that opened in the direction of Stone Dean.

CHAPTER CI.

It was a short gallop—ending almost as soon as it had begun. It came to a termination, at the head of the hill—down which trended the long avenue skirted with chestnut trees. Scarthe suddenly checked his steed—at the same time giving his followers the order to *halt*!

Naturally enough, the troopers were a little surprised at this sudden interruption; but they were altogether astonished at a second order—following quick upon the first—which enjoined upon them to wheel round, and return to their stables!

They obeyed; though not without a show of reluctance. They would much rather have continued their ride—supposing it to have been intended for some foraging expedition that promised pleasure.

They were not entirely ignorant of what had caused the countermand. As they were wheeling upon the path, they had caught sight of an object at the other end of the avenue, whose motions betrayed it to be animate. Though but dimly seen,

under the shadow of the trees, they could tell what it was—the figure of a woman.

"A sail in sight!" muttered one, who had seen saltwater service. "The captain's going to hail the craft; and don't want us Jack-tars on the quarter deck."

"'Tis she!" muttered Scarthe to himself, as his followers retired. "Even if *he* has been with her, 'twould be of little use going after him now. He would scarce be such a fool as to remain upon the ground. "'Tis impossible she can have seen any one, since Walford left her? There has not been time, for an interview such as that. She may have seen him before. If so, the sham message will result in my own discomfiture? Or, she may have been expecting him, and he has not come? If so, the parcel would be just in time. I can scarce expect such a lucky combination of circumstances."

"What shall I do?" he continued, after a pause. "If she has not seen him, it is a splendid opportunity for my proposal! The events are ominous of success. Shall I make it now—this moment?"

"There is danger in delay," he muttered, as the old adage came into his mind. "She may have some means of communicating with him; and the glove trick may be discovered? No! I shall trust no longer to chance. This uncertainty is insufferable. Within the hour I shall put an end to it; and find out my fate, one way or the other. If accepted, then shall Richard Scarthe play traitor to his king, and the good knight Sir Marmaduke may conspire to his heart's content. If rejected, then—in that contingency—ah—then—the old rebel will risk the losing of his head."

"Now, Mistress Marion Wade," apostrophised he, as he watched the advancing figure. "On thine answer there is much depending. Your father's head, and my happiness. I hope you will be gracious, and give security to both. If you refuse me, I shall then make use of that power with which a lucky chance has provided me. Surely thy father's danger will undo your objections. If you resist, let the ruin fall—let him suffer his doom!"

"I must dismount and meet her," he continued, as he saw Marion coming on with slow steps. "A declaration in the saddle would never do. It must be made on foot—or still more humbly on bended knee; and so shall it, if that be necessary to secure success. Ha! ha! what would they say at Court? The invincible Scarthe, who has made conquest of a queen, kneeling in humble suit at the feet of a country maiden—the daughter of a rank rebel—begging for her heart, and worse still, bargaining for her hand! Ha! ha! ha!"

While uttering this laugh, he flung himself from his horse; and, tossing the rein of his bridle over the branch of a tree, he commenced descending the hill.

Although advancing towards that interview, with all the *sang froid* he was capable of assuming, an observer could easily have seen, that he was trembling with apprehension as to the result.

CHAPTER CII.

They met at the bottom of the hill—under the sombre shade of the chestnuts.

Scarthe encountered a look of cold surprise, accompanied by a simple nod of recognition.

Such a reception might have turned him from his intent; but it did not. He had made up his mind to propose; and, without much circumlocution, he proceeded with his design.

"Mistress Marion Wade!" said he, approaching her with an air of profound respect, and bowing low as he drew near, "If you be not offended by my intruding upon you at this early hour, I shall thank the fate that has favoured me."

"Captain Scarthe, this interview is unexpected."

"By me it has been sought. I have been for some time desirous of an opportunity to be with you alone."

"With me! alone? I am at a loss to know, sir, what you can have to say that requires such a condition."

"You shall know, Mistress Wade; if, indeed, you have not divined my purpose already. Need I tell you that I am in love?"

"And why, sir, may I ask, have you chosen me for this confidence? I should think that was a secret to be communicated only to her whom it concerns?"

"And to her alone has it been communicated. Surely I need not name the object of my love. You cannot have been blind to emotions—to sufferings I have been unable to conceal. I can be silent no longer. O Marion Wade! I love you with all the fondness of a true affection—all the fervour of an admiration that knows no limit. Do not be angry at me for thus declaring myself. Do not frown upon my suit. O, beautiful Marion! say that I may hope!"

Scarthe had dashed his helmet to the ground, and thrown himself on his knees in the attitude of an humble suppliant. With eyes upturned upon her face, he tremblingly awaited her reply.

She was silent. Her features betrayed no sign of gladness, as she listened to that earnest declaration. Scarce, even, did they show surprise. Whatever of this she may have felt was concealed under the cloud of chagrin, still overspreading her countenance.

The kneeling suitor waited some moments for a response; but none was given. Marion remained proudly silent.

Becoming sensible of a certain ludicrousness in the situation, Scarthe impatiently continued:—

"Oh! do not deny me! At least, vouchsafe an answer. If it be favourable, I promise—I swear—that my heart—my hand—my soul—my sword—my life—all will be yours—yours for any sacrifice you may summon me to make. O Marion!—beautiful Marion!—I know I am not worthy of you now. Think not of me as I am; but rather what I shall be. I may one day be more deserving of your esteem—your love. I have hopes of preferment—high hopes. I may be excused for saying

they are founded on the patronage of a queen. With one like you for my bride—my wife—high-born, gifted, lovelier than all others, these hopes would soon be realised. To be worthy of loving you—to have the pleasure of illustrating you—of making you happy by the highest fame—I could accomplish anything. Fear not, Marion Wade! He who sues to you, if now humble, may hope for higher rank. Ere long shall I obtain the much-coveted title of Lord. It matters not to me. Only for your sake shall I prize it! But oh! hapless lord should I be, if not the lord of your heart! A word, Marion Wade! A word! Tell me I may hope!"

Marion turned her eyes upon the eloquent suppliant. His attitude, the expression of his countenance, and the fervent tone in which he had declared himself, were evidence that he was in earnest. She could not fail to believe that he loved her. Whatever may have been the deceit of his nature in other respects, there could be no doubt that he was honest in his admiration.

Perhaps it was this thought that restrained her from making an indignant reply. Why should she be offended at one thus humbly suing.

The expression in her eye, called up by the speeches of her suitor, seemed to speak of pity rather than indignation.

It soon passed away; and was succeeded by the same calm look of indifference, with which she had been hitherto regarding him.

Misinterpreting that momentary glance of kindness, Scarthe for an instant fancied himself successful. Only for an instant. His heart fell as he perceived the expression that succeeded; and it needed not for the lady to signify her refusal in speech. Words could not have more plainly told him, that his petition was rejected.

In words, however, he was told it; and with a laconism that left him with no alternative but to rise from his kneeling position, put the helmet back on his head, and bid Marion Wade a good morning.

Alone the lady pursued her homeward way, Scarthe standing silent and statue-like, till she was out of sight. Then his features suddenly changed; his true temper, for the time subdued, escaped from the control in which he had been keeping it; and both his voice and gesture testified to the terrible conflict of emotions that convulsed his soul.

"I shall seek no more to sue her," muttered he, as he detached his bridle from the branch. "'Tis not the mode to deal with this proud damsel. Force, not favour, is the way to win her—at least her hand, ay, and maybe her heart? I've known such as she before. Are there not hundreds in history? Did the Sabine women continue to despise their bold abductors? No; they became loving wives, loving them for the very act that should have excited their hatred. By Heaven! I shall imitate those Roman ravishers—if driven to the *dernier resort*. Thank fortune! there's another arrow in my quiver. And now to place it to the string. By this, Sir Marmaduke should be stirring; though it seems he keeps not so early

hours as his charming daughter. Curses! what can have carried her abroad? No doubt, I shall discover in time; and if it be that—"

He interrupted himself, as if some painful thought had caused a sudden suspension of his breath.

"If it be that—a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*, shall I make of Marion Wade."

Under the angry excitement called forth by the reflection, he sprang nervously on the back of his horse; and, deeply driving in the spurs, set the animal into a rapid gallop, against the hill.

The iron hoof-stroke soon after rang upon the pavement of the arched gateway, and then upon the stone flags of the courtyard—where the cuirassed captain, giving his steed to one of the grooms, hastily returned to his own apartment.

Not long did he remain there; only to cast off his casings of steel, and resume his ordinary household habiliments.

In less than an hour after, he was seen traversing the corridor, towards the western wing of the mansion—with the intention of entering that apartment habitually occupied by his host.

CHAPTER CIII.

Sir Marmaduke was in his library—not busied with books, but with his thoughts.

It is unnecessary to say that they were of a serious nature. They were more than this—they were melancholy. The cause has been already, or may be easily, guessed.

In the circumstances that surrounded him, the noble knight had more than one source of anxiety. But there was one now paramount—an apprehension for his own personal safety—which, of course, included the welfare of those dear to him.

He had reason to be thus apprehensive. He knew that he had committed himself—not only by his presence among the conspirators of Stone Dean on that eventful night, but by various other acts that would not bear the scrutiny of the Star Chamber.

Conjectures referring to the midnight meeting of Stone Dean were at that moment more particularly before his mind. The arrest of Holtspur upon the following morning—so close on the breaking up of the assemblage—had an ominous signification. It suggested—in fact, almost proclaimed—the presence of a spy.

If such had been among them—and Sir Marmaduke could come to no other conclusion—then would his life be worth no more, than if he had already been attainted, tried, condemned, and was standing by the side of the block.

If there had been a spy, it must either have been Scarthe himself, or one who had communicated with him: else why the arrest of Holtspur?

Sir Marmaduke believed the Captain of the King's Cuirassiers quite capable of the infamous act. His apparent friendship and courtesy—his professions of regret for the part he was compelled to play had not deceived his host. Sir Marmaduke had no difficulty in detecting the spurious pretences of his guest.

As yet Scarthe had given him no hint of the knowledge he possessed. For his own reasons, he had carefully abstained from that. Nevertheless, Sir Marmaduke had his suspicions.

Unfortunately, he had no means of satisfying them, one way or the other. Scarthe had carefully scrutinized his correspondence—under the pretence that he did so by orders from the king; and such of the members of that meeting, as Sir Marmaduke had been able to see personally, were, like himself, only suspicious. No one in the neighbourhood knew of the doings of that night, except Dancey and Walford. Dancey and his daughter had both been absent for weeks—it was not known where; and Walford had no dealings with Sir Marmaduke Wade.

The knight knew that his liberty—his life—were in the balance. A feather—a breath—and the beam might be kicked against him. No wonder he was apprehensive—even to wretchedness.

There was but one clear spot in the sky—one beacon on which to fix his hopes—the *Parliament*.

This—afterwards distinguished as the "Long Parliament"—perhaps the most patriotic assembly that ever met amongst men—was about to commence its sittings, and struggles with the hoary hydra of *royal prerogative*. To the oppressed it promised relief—to the condemned a respite—to the imprisoned a restoration of their liberty.

But the royal reptile, though cowering, and partially crushed, had not yet been deprived of his fangs. There were places throughout the realm where his power was rampant as ever—where he could still seize, confiscate, and behead. With reason, therefore, might Sir Marmaduke feel dread of his vengeance. And no wonder, with Sir John Elliot pining away his life in a prison; with the wrongs of Lenthall, and Lilburne, and Prynne unavenged; with men walking the streets deprived of their ears, and outraged by other mutilations; with Holtspur himself, whom Sir Marmaduke now knew to be the noble patriot Henry —, an outlawed fugitive, hiding himself from the sleuth-hounds of a spited queen!

Sir Marmaduke resembled the mariner in the midst of a storm. The re-summoned Parliament was the life-boat struggling across the surge, and surrounded by angry breakers. Would it live to reach, and relieve him? Or was he destined to see it strike upon the rock, and its gallant crew washed away amidst the waste of waters?

In truth, a gallant crew, as ever carried a ship of state through the storm—as ever landed one in a haven of safety. Hark to their names!—every one of them a household word! Pym, Hampden, Hollis, and Hazlerig; the Lords Kimbolton, Essex, and Fairfax; and last and greatest, the immortal Oliver Cromwell! It was a glorious galaxy of names—enough to inspire even the timid with confidence; and by such were the timid sustained.

In the long retrospect of two hundred years alongside such names, what signifies the paltry title of "*Carolus Rex*?" Even then it was, day by day, losing its authoritative significance. A crisis

was coming, as when men awake from a drunken dream—when the word “loyalty” only reminds them of liberties surreptitiously stolen, and rights too slackly surrendered. When “king” sounds synonymous with “tyrant;” and “patriot” assumes its proper meaning. Not, as the so-called statesmen of the present day—statesmen forsooth!—palterers with the people’s rights—smug trimmers of parliamentary majorities—bottle-holders—the very chicanes of statecraft—the “smush” of England’s manhood, with reputations destined to damnation almost as soon as their puny breath becomes choked within their coffins!

Oh, the contrast between that day and this! The difference of its deeds, and its men!—distinct as glory from shame! That was the grandest throe ever felt by England’s heart in its aspiration after liberty.

Let us hope it will not be the last. Let us hope that the spirit of English liberty—at this hour lower than it has ever been since that glorious time—will have a speedy resuscitation; and strike to the dust—in whatever form it may make itself manifest—the *slave* or the *tax*: for, though differing in title, both are essentially the same.

* * * * *

Sir Marmaduke sate in his library, as we have said, with uneasy thoughts. They were not tranquillized by the announcement just then made by one of the domestics: that “Captain Scarthe desired an interview with him.”

“What business has he *now*?” was the mental interrogatory of the knight, when the request was conveyed to him.

“Something of more than ordinary import,” thought he, on glancing at the countenance of Scarthe, as the latter presented himself within the room.

“Pardon me, Sir Marmaduke Wade,” began his visitor, bowing with solemn respect. “Pardon me for intruding upon you at this early hour; but my business is of great importance. When you have heard it you will no doubt excuse this deviation from the rules of politeness.”

“Captain Scarthe is, I presume, on the performance of some duty; and that will be his excuse.”

“In truth, Sir Marmaduke, I have a double errand. One is on duty—and I grieve to say a painful duty to me. The other I might designate an errand of *affection*; and could I flatter myself that it would prove a welcome one to you, I should deem it as pleasant as its fellow is painful.”

“You speak in enigmas, Captain Scarthe? I cannot comprehend them. May I ask you to tell me, in plain speech, what are your two errands? One, you say, is painful to yourself—the other, on certain conditions, may prove pleasant. Choose which you please to communicate first.”

“Sir Marmaduke Wade,” rejoined the cuirassier captain, “You accuse me of circumlocution. It is an accusation I will no longer give you cause to make against me. My first errand, and that to me of most importance, is to tell you that I love your daughter; and that I wish to make her my wife.”

“I admire your candour, Captain Scarthe. But permit me to say, in reply, that the information you have thus volunteered concerns my daughter, more than myself. You are free to impart it to her; as is she to answer you according to her inclinations?”

“I *have* imparted it. I have already proposed to her.”

“And her answer?”

“A refusal.”

“And you come to me—for what purpose, Captain Scarthe?”

“Need I declare it, Sir Marmaduke? I love your daughter with all the love of my heart. I would wed her—make her happy—in time, perhaps, high and noble, as any in the land. I know that I offer myself under unfavourable circumstances. But with your assistance, Sir Marmaduke—your authority exerted over her—”

“You need not go on, Captain Scarthe,” said Sir Marmaduke, interrupting the petitioner in a calm, firm tone. “Whatever answer my daughter has given you will be mine. You speak of my authority. I have none in such a matter as this. The father has no right, either to train or thwart the inclinations of his child. I have never assumed such a power; nor shall I now—either in your favour, or against you. If you have won the heart of Marion Wade, you are welcome to wear it—welcome both to her heart and hand. If not, you need not look to me. So far as I am concerned, my daughter is free to accept whom she pleases, or reject whom she may dislike. Now, sir!” added the Knight, in a tone that told of stern determination, “that matter is ended between us; and I hope to your satisfaction.”

“Enough!” responded Scarthe, his voice betraying chagrin. “’Tis just as I expected,” he muttered to himself. “It will be idle to urge the matter any more—at least until I’ve got my lever fairly set in its fulcrum; then, perhaps—”

“May I beg of you to make known your other errand, Captain Scarthe—that which you *say* is of a painful nature?”

“I say it with truth, Sir Marmaduke. Perhaps you will not give me credit for the declaration; though I pledge my honour, as a gentleman holding the commission of the king, that a more unpleasant duty than what is now before me I have never been called upon to perform.”

“When you condescend to make it known, sir, perhaps I shall be the better able to judge. Can I assist you in any way?”

“O, Sir Marmaduke—noble Sir Marmaduke Wade! I wish it were in my power to assist you.”

“Ha!”

“Alas! But a short month ago, I could have enacted with indifference the part I am now called upon to play. Then I knew you not. I knew not your daughter. Oh! that I had never known either one, or the other—neither the noble father nor the—”

“I beg, sir, you will come to the point. What

is this disagreeable duty? You surprise, and puzzle me."

"I cannot declare it with my own lips. Noble sir! excuse me from giving speech to it. Here are my orders—too plain—too peremptory. Read them for yourself!"

The knight caught hold of the parchment—extended to him, apparently, with a trembling hand. The hand trembled that took it. He read:—

"To y^e Captain Richard Scarthe, commanding y^e cuirassiers at Bulstrode Park.

"It hath come to y^e knowledge of his Majestie that Sir Marmaduke Wade, Knight, hath been guilty of treasonable practices and designs against his Majestie and y^e government, therefore Captain Scarthe is hereby commanded to take prisoner y^e said Sir Marmaduke, and convey him to y^e Tower prison, there to await trial by Star Chamber, or such other court as may be deemed sufficient for y^e crime charged.

"And Captain Scarthe is moreover enjoined and commanded by his Majestie to lose no time in carrying out y^e said command of his Majestie, but that he proceed to its execution on y^e receipt of these presents.

"PALACE, WHITEHALL.

"CAROLUS REX."

"I am your prisoner, then?" said Sir Marmaduke, folding up the parchment, and returning it to the cuirassier captain.

"Not mine, Sir Marmaduke—alas! Not mine, but the king's."

"And where am I to be taken? But I forget. I need not have asked."

"The place is mentioned in my orders."

"The time?"

"I regret to say, now," rejoined Scarthe, with a pretence of being pained in the performance of the duty. "By this document you will perceive, that my orders are peremptory."

"I presume, I shall be permitted to take leave of my family?"

"It grieves me to the heart, Sir Marmaduke, to inform you that my instructions are painfully stringent. Even that has been made a part of them."

"That I am not to take leave of my children, before parting with them—perhaps, for ever?"

"Do not talk thus, sir," said Scarthe, with a show of profound sympathy. "There is some misunderstanding. It is only some enemy, who has been abusing you to the ear of the king. Let us hope it will be nothing very serious in the end. I wish it were otherwise; but I am instructed by a confidential despatch—that, after making known the order for your arrest, I am not to permit any communication between you and your friends—even the members of your own family—except in my presence."

"In your presence be our parting then. Can I summon my children hither?"

"Certainly, Sir Marmaduke. Alas! alas! that I am compelled to be the witness of such a painful spectacle."

Scarthe truly characterised the scene that followed, by calling it a painful spectacle. Such it was—too sad to be described: the cuirassier captain appearing as much affected as any of the individuals who assisted at it.

In an hour after, Sir Marmaduke Wade—in the custody of a cuirassier guard—might have been seen passing out of Bulstrode Park, on his way to the Tower of London!

FIELDMINSTER AND ITS NOTABLES.

MR. CALEB SMITH AT BREAKFAST.

It was a cold, bleak morning—such a morning as makes your nose rosy and your nails blue, and just half-past eight o'clock—as Miss Smith majestically descended from her bed-room to the breakfast parlour. There was a delicious odour of frizzled ham and coffee pervading the pleasant atmosphere of that snug back room: the urn hissed a welcome, and the sleek black cat opened one dreamy eye and elongated his fat body on the rug as Miss Jemima entered. "Dear me," soliloquized Miss Jemima, looking at her gold watch, "Caleb not down yet; why I thought I was late. Good gracious! two minutes past time, I declare, and Caleb not down to prayers, and the eggs and ham getting cold. I'll have the girls up and begin; yes, of course, this comes of being late last night."

Accordingly, Miss Jem, without loss of time, rings the bell, and begins prayers. Nothing ever was known to ruffle the equanimity of good Miss Smith's temper so much as being three minutes too late for prayers and breakfast. Very reverently and very beautifully did she read the portion of Scripture allotted for the day—it happened to be that exquisite chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians:—"Though I speak with tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."—1 Cor. xiii.

Now, if Miss Smith had one Christian attribute more largely developed than another, it certainly was this one of Charity. So she paused at each verse, and turned over in her mind if really she had cultivated this great virtue. She remembered how this very morning she had been half angry with poor Susan for being two minutes behind time; had frowned at Jane for leaving her dustpan on the lobby; how the other night she had mentally accused her handmaidens wrongfully about that back gate. Oh, she was not charitable! Very meekly and very earnestly did Miss Jemima mentally confess her fault, and very devoutly did she conduct the morning family worship. It generally fell to her lot. Caleb was often two minutes behind. She had scarcely concluded, and was wondering how about the ham and eggs, when a loud and sonorous nose-blowing announced the approach of Caleb.

"Good morning, Caleb."

"Good morning, Jem"—and both set vigorously to work on the fragrant viands.

"Caleb," at length began Miss Jemima, between sips of coffee and spoonsful of egg, "I have asked Leila Brown to come and spend a fortnight here before her return home. Her mother and I were great friends; and, poor girl, I don't think she's altogether happy at the Browns'. She does not complain; but it doesn't want spectacles to see that that conceited young minx, Bella, makes every one about her feel her immense importance. I have no patience with her, for my part—a consequential young hussy." Oh, Miss Jem, she was just forgetting about "*Charity*." She often felt a little hot if any of her favourites were put in the background, and Leila was a very great favourite.

I don't believe Miss Smith noticed how Caleb coloured and fidgetted on his seat, and hemmed, and blew his nose. She was rather intent on straining her ear to catch the sound of the postman's knock, and, anxious about a packet of letters, which were being brought in on a small waiter.

"Well, I declare—a letter from the Stanleys—an invitation to dinner next week. Well, I can take Leila with me; so I shall go. They like Leila very much. A quiet, unaffected lady-like girl, they always say she is, and they are right. Her mother was the same before her."

"When did you say, Miss Brown—Leila was to come?" nervously enquired Caleb Smith, peering up from behind a large business paper which he had just opened—"Oh—why—next Saturday, she cannot come before—some engagement," replied Miss Jem, stopping short, for something in Mr. Smith's manner, generally so cold and reserved, made her start; and, with a kind sort of bluffness, very natural to her, she enquired:

"Why, what's the matter, Caleb? Don't you like Leila to come here—what's your objection?"

"Oh, not in the least—by no means—far from it—that is to say—"

"What, Caleb?"

"I mean—I—I—I should feel quite proud—delighted—to see Miss Leila here."

"Now, upon my word, there's something I don't quite make out. We've often had young ladies staying here, and it never made any difference to you, Caleb. Perhaps I hurt you by speaking so abruptly of Leila's mother. Forgive me, I really at the moment forgot; it is so many years ago now since"—

Miss Smith stopped; it was now her turn to become uncomfortable. She would not have hurt her brother's feelings for the world. When quite a youth he had entertained a most romantic passion for one Leila Macdonald, a lovely young Scotch lady, who by some turn of fate had become Mrs. Brown, Leila's mother. Caleb, though universally polite, had never shown a preference for any lady since.

"Leila Macdonald is Mrs. Brown, Jemima," said Mr. Smith, rather sternly.

Worse and worse, thought Miss Smith, sitting very uneasily on her chair.

Miss Jemima's evident confusion served to give nerve to her brother; so, after scraping the crumbs into little heaps of various patterns with the edge of his knife, clearing his throat several distinct times, and pulling his whiskers to their extreme length, and various other little actions expressive of some mental conflict and excitement, he jerked out:

"Did it—ahem—ever occur to you, Jemima, I—ah—say—ahem—did it ever occur to you that I might marry some day?"

Miss Jemima set down her cup with a plash, and stared, first at her brother, then out of the window.

"Marry! Caleb, marry! why no, I've never thought it these twenty years."

Caleb Smith looked just a little disconcerted at this abrupt allusion to his decided old-bachelorism; but it was done. The ice was broken, he must sink or swim.

So he cleared his throat again, very significantly this time, and looked Miss Smith straight in the face, as he said, "Jemima, I think of asking Leila Brown to be my wife; and, and—I, I really think I have reason to hope that I shall not be refused—"

"Leila Brown! why, Caleb, a child like that: you're too old—you might be her father."

"I'm not her father, however," returned Caleb, with some tartness in his usually mild and gentle tones; "I'm not her father; and—and you see it's after all for her to decide about that."

We said the Smiths never quarrelled; they were very near doing so this day, however; and no one could mistake Miss Smith's perturbation.

"Well, I don't know what's taking the men now-a-days. There's old Joe Lewis married a girl younger than his youngest daughter three months ago; there's old George Stone must needs follow his example, and marry a girl not yet of age, though he's seventy; and you follow in their wake. Well, well, force of example, I suppose—force of example. No fools like old fools."

"I'm not seventy years old, Jemima, not quite fifty yet; and I don't quite see the harm, if only Leila be agreeable, as I have reason to think she will be, or I should not have spoken."

Miss Smith was herself at once. The calm, almost apologetic, tone of her brother made her ashamed of her momentary bitterness of spirit. She thought of the words of the morning Scripture reading. Where was her charity? Where, indeed? And Leila, such a sweet young creature. Could she not take her to her heart and love her. Oh yes! so dearly. She would be a mother as well as a sister to her—a true and warm friend.

Meantime Mr. Smith, seeing the struggle in his sister's mind, continued:—

"But you see, Jemima, I thought it right to prepare you. We have lived so long together—[Here Mr. Smith broke down, and tears suffused poor Miss Smith's eyes]—and—and so I feel naturally that your comfort should—should—ah—"

be consulted ; and, if you object to live with us, as you have so long been sole mistress here, why, it occurred to me that you could take the house above, next door, in fact, as it is vacant ; and we should then be near neighbours and, I trust, fast friends, and—and—"

"Just so, Caleb ; only, my dear,"—and sobs now came with the tears—"I don't mean to leave you unless Leila shall desire it, and I've a great notion she won't. She can sit at the head of her table, and invite her guests ; and I will attend to the drudgery of housekeeping. Poor thing, she is but young for all that."

"Well, Jemima, we are making our arrangements somewhat prematurely. However, I have made up my mind to take the next house ; it will enable you to have a sitting-room to yourself, and will give space for every accommodation."

"You must forgive my heat, Caleb," sobbed out poor Miss Jemima, spasmodically ; we have been so long together that—that—"

"It was but natural," put in Mr. Smith.

"Anyhow it's past. I shall never recur to it again. Any sort of change would scare me at first ; but, to say truth, there's no one on earth I should like to love and have near me so much as Leila ; and I truly believe she has a regard for me—I may say affection—ever since I first saw her, a mere child, years ago. How little could I think of this."

Caleb Smith gave his sister a hearty embrace ere he left for his office ; whereupon, Miss Smith had a good quiet cry by herself, with the cat on her lap and her feet on the fender, and the newspaper to do office as screen. After which she bathed her eyes, and gave her orders, and went to the butcher's, just for all the word as if nothing particular had happened.

A HEAVY STAKE.—I went a few days since with my friend Miss Rosgildzoff to the bazaar, to buy a few articles I wanted for our journey. In one of the magazines was a lady past the heyday of life ; she was still good-looking, and must at one time have been very pretty. As she bowed to my friend on entering, I had curiosity enough to inquire who she was, and was told she was a lady who had been lost and won at cards. I asked for an explanation, and learned that she was a Siberian beauty, married young to a gay and rich man, who was, what is very common in Siberia, a great gambler, so that in a few years he ran through the greater part of a large fortune. His wife knew nothing of this ; but her eyes were opened when one day a gentleman arrived at their house, which was out of town, and claimed her as his property. It appeared that the husband and the claimant had been playing the whole night, and the sun had risen high in the heavens before the contest closed ; when the former rose a ruined man, having lost every kopeck he was possessed of, besides land, house, furniture, horses and even wife ; she was his last stake. He asked his adversary whether he would accept her as a stake ; he had hoped by this last hazard to retrieve his losses ; perhaps it was fortunate for her that he did not, for she has now lived with her victor for twenty years, leading a most happy and exemplary life. It is certainly a novel way for husbands to get rid of their wives.—"*Tartar Steppes and their Inhabitants*," by Mrs Atkinson.

THE GYMNASTIC REFORMATION IN AMERICA, AND ITS LEADER.*

Nor the least interesting figure on that marvellous tapestry of life, which events are weaving in America, appears the singular fact that even now, amid the heavings of a civil war that stirs all society and all men's hearts with fearful commotion, there is going forward a vast and profound movement, on a perfectly original basis, in the direction of gymnastics. This movement has already assumed national proportions, and must take its place as a part of the national history. It constitutes a new era in the life of the American people. As yet, however, only scattered echoes of this unique impulse have made themselves heard on this side of the sea.

The volume, whose title is quoted below, deserves to stand as the symbol of this great Gymnastic Reform in America ; even as the author of the one must be regarded as the leader of the other.

The book itself has had a history which is well worth the moment it requires to tell it. It was first issued fifteen months ago, from the eminent publishing house of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. The time was most inauspicious for the birth of a new book. The public mind was, of course, convulsed by the tragic unfoldings of the war ; and telegrams from the Potomac and the Mississippi seemed likely to crowd out of notice peaceful duodecimos from the most influential press. With very moderate anticipations, therefore, the author of this work saw his manuscript passing into type, and going forth, amid the clamours and distractions of the epoch, to solicit the attention of the people. His utmost hopes would have been realised, had the book barely made headway with the public during the continuance of the terrible strife, after which to assert more successfully its claims upon the popular regard. But to his astonishment and his joy, this intellectual offspring of his had to endure no such purgatorial sufferings as those of neglect protracted and hope deferred. Instantly, at a single bound, it leaped upon the highest shelf of popular acceptance. The first edition went off with great rapidity ; other editions followed in quick succession ; until now, at the end of a year and a quarter, a sixth edition has taken its leave of the press. Such a success, in the teeth of such disadvantages, is a triumph of the rarest kind. It is a triumph, however, for which we shall find no difficulty in accounting. A vital, original and practical book on gymnastics was wanted ; and Dr. Lewis, whose previous labours had done much to create the consciousness of that want, now stepped forth to furnish the supply. The seed had been sown by other hands as well as his. During forty years, earnest scholars like Follen, Horace Mann, and Higginson, had followed each other in advocating the importance of deliberate and uni-

* The New Gymnastics. By Dio Lewis, M.D. Boston, 1863. Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. Pp. 300.

versal attention to physical culture; and even the outburst of the war contributed something to the same argument by revealing the presence of a fearful amount of physical incapacity among men liable to be summoned for military service. The success of the book, therefore, was owing to the happy conjunction of demand and supply. The importance of bodily culture had at last come to be fully admitted. The only question remaining was how to get that bodily culture. This book answered the question. Hence it was bought and read even in war time.

I purpose to give some account of the new system of American gymnastics, and of the great quickening of thought in America towards gymnastic cultivation, of which this book is both a cause and a representative. The whole story, however, is so bound up with the characteristics and personal fortunes of Dr. Lewis, that my narration of the movement most naturally falls into the shape of a biographical sketch of the man, who certainly stands at the head of living gymnasiarchs, and who has done more for the cause of physical education than any other since Peter Henry Ling, of Sweden.

Dio Lewis, M.D., the founder of the New Gymnastics, was born in Auburn, N.Y., in 1823, of parents belonging to a class largely represented in America, plain agriculturists, religious, thoughtful, earnest, of the modified Puritan type, of the vast, honourable, self-respectful Guild of Labour.

It is not difficult for those of us who know the man, to imagine the sort of being he was as a boy. The principal reason for this is the fact that, although born some forty years back, he has not got out of his boyhood, and probably never will. There is a meaning to the word boyishness which, as Thomas Hughes has finely shown, indicates a noble and permanent factor in the best natures among men. Dio Lewis, like Henry Ward Beecher, believing that usefulness is a Divine privilege, full of immortality, that ceasing to be a boy is not necessary to being a man, has always seemed to me a great, hearty, generous, imperishable boy! For him years bring wisdom without taking away youth. And this gift of being perpetually young implies and creates a thousand others; and, both in labour and attraction, it is the talismanic weapon which has carved out for him much of his great success. I fancy Dio Lewis, in his teens, and before he reached them, as a little broad, round mass of muscular fibre, electric with ambition, courage and combativeness; tender-hearted, but ready to strike back; with a genius for getting into scrapes, and also for getting out of them; quick at his lessons rather than plodding or tenacious; his brain seething with a thousand projects, and his canopy gleaming with gorgeous castles of air; deeply impressed, and sometimes deeply harrowed by the prevalent religious themes; a loud laughter, a high climber, a fast runner, and, on most occasions, of whatever sort, by the mysterious franchise of divinely implanted instinct, elected captain of the rest, juvenile commander-in-chief of any accidental brigade of boys.

It is unnecessary to say of any American youth that he went to school; or, having done so, he also taught school. In America, at least in the Northern States, everybody does both at some time of life. Nearly all the men of mark in America, living and dead, statesmen, preachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, have been enthroned in the country school-house, have wielded the birchen sceptre, and thundered forth the pedagogic edicts. Abraham Lincoln taught archery to the young Illinoisan ideas, as well as splitting to the young Illinoisan rails; and it was with a kind of savage regret, that a Georgia editor recently unearthed, in a file of newspapers thirty-five years old, an advertisement for a school to be kept in that sacred region, by one William H. Seward, then a pale graduate of Dr. Nott's College, now the abominated Premier of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Several other members of the Cabinet have been schoolmasters; the Vice-President has been a schoolmaster; the leading Senators and Representatives have been schoolmasters; Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Stephen Douglas, were schoolmasters; in short, the pedagogue's chair is only the first in a long series of honourable chairs, professorial, gubernatorial, judicial and legislative, which it is possible for an American to fill. Indeed, there is one memorable instance of the American pedagogue's chair being a prelude to the chair of regal state itself; for Louis Philippe taught school in America before he sat on a throne in France. Now, that Dr. Lewis once taught school it is easy to demonstrate by a very lucid syllogism. All men of mark in America have taught school. Dr. Lewis is a man of mark in America; therefore, Dr. Lewis has taught school. Of course he has. A blind man must see that. Besides, it is perfectly obvious that he could never have accomplished in the world what he has, unless, at least for a short time, he had personated the character of Lord Brougham's renowned "schoolmaster abroad." But we have more than *a priori* evidence to offer. We do know on grounds of credible testimony that Dr. Lewis was both a schoolmaster and a good one. It was a field of effort which finely and largely suited him; it employed his will-power as well as his thought-power; it stimulated him; he gloried in it; he achieved great local reputation through it. And he is essentially a schoolmaster yet. His nature is that of an educator. He lives to keep school; only now his school-room is the whole continent, and his pupils are all his countrymen.

In process of time he was required to select his profession; for school-teaching is not usually looked upon in America as a profession. Some, indeed, by the consecration of the whole life, nobly make it so. But, as a general fact, it is not the life-pursuit; only one ladder to it. And Dio Lewis, glancing first at the legal, finally fixed his heart upon the medical profession. After the usual preparation, he went to the Harvard Medical College, Boston. I need not pause to describe his career in this institution. He never does anything by halves—loving, hating, working, playing. He

flung himself into this business of a medical student with that torrent-like and flaming energy which bears down all before it. His course at the College was indeed a brilliant one; and it is pleasant to know that the man who was to develop the finest gymnastic system of modern times should have been guided by the unseen prophecies of impulse, to the selection of anatomy as his favourite study. In this he greatly excelled, bearing off the collegiate prizes. But the course at Harvard did not satisfy his ambition as a disciple of Galen and Esculapius. He came to the schools of London and Paris, and in these ampler institutions greatly advanced his professional knowledge. Returning to America, after this period of study abroad, he commenced in 1843 the practice of medicine, near his native town; and, two years later, eager for wider swing, and more imperious stimulations, he removed to Buffalo, an ambitious commercial city perched on the south-eastern corner of Lake Erie, a young giant among the western towns, breathing boundless promise and expectation. And now we are to imagine the young physician, in this proud, bustling city, for eight years, in the full current of a large and successful medical practice. The pent-up vigour of the man sought utterance in every way, among others in the task of editing a popular medical journal. Brain and muscle in him were intensely and perpetually alive. He was conscious of only one impossibility, that of doing nothing. He was happy only when the bugles of a hundred clamorous engagements sounded in his ears. Thus passed eight years of professional labour, steady, earnest, toilsome, triumphant; and, at the end of that period, the health of his wife indicating ominously the presence of pulmonary disease, Dr. Lewis decided to spend with her a winter in the balm-laden climate of the south.

This incident proved a pivotal point in his career. All things henceforward to him sweep around this fact into a different groove. In the autumn of 1852, therefore, fleeing from the angry scowl of a New York winter, timorous for her sake whose sake was dearer than his own at the menaces of consumption, that "White Plague of the North," the strong young physician with the invalid wife reached the city of Fredericksburg, then as now an ancient seat of Virginian aristocracy, but now, as not then, renowned throughout the world for the terrific battles which, between Burnside, Hooker, Stonewall Jackson and Lee, have raged within it and around it. The tomb of the mother of Washington was the local shrine. There were also a few old houses of historical interest still uncrumbled in the town, and a few old families of historical interest still lingering in the old houses. But to the young Doctor from Buffalo, this antique borough must soon have become insufferably stupid. Its tale was soon told. *Præterea quid—nihil!* The Doctor chafed and champed under this unprecedented condition of inactivity. He must do something or die. Southern ennui would be deadlier to him than Northern consumption to his wife. All the principalities and powers of his

nature tumultuously demanded something to do. What should it be? Lounging on the piazza of the hotel, which was the babbling rendezvous for the town, he became acquainted with many of the leading citizens; and his effervescing energies boiled over upon them in multitudinous talk about health laws. He had much to say upon these themes, exceedingly practical, pungent, original, startling. He claimed that diseases were generally avertible; that the laws involved in human health were as precise and palpable as those of gravitation and sun-light; that people might be well if they chose to be, and that the standard lines of the old hymn-writer,

"Diseases are thy servants, Lord;
They come at thy command,"

merely mystified, by the insinuation of a libel against heaven, a very simple and momentous truth. His mind was busy on these topics from its own necessity; his tongue was busy from the necessity of his hearers to listen to him. But why should these grave themes be expounded by this fluent guest on the hotel piazza to a knot of casual companions? Ought they not to be proclaimed from the house-top; or, at all events, from the top of the platform in the City Hall. This obvious thought seems to have occurred to several of the gentlemen who had clustered about him from day to day; and the result of their reflections appeared in the form of a proposal to the young Doctor, that he who had discoursed to them on the hotel-piazza, should do the same to a larger audience in the public hall. The proposal took him by surprise. He felt compelled to decline. He had never made a speech in his life. He could not make a speech, he was confident; he could only talk: not then considering, perhaps, that the best oratory approaches most nearly to "only talk." His scruples, however, were at last overcome; and promising merely to talk a little more loudly the same things he had uttered under the shadow of the hotel, he came before an audience for the first time. That night he made a great discovery, namely, that he had the gift of public speech. Whether he was an orator or not, one thing clearly appeared, people would be glad to come to the City Hall and listen to him as often and as long as he would let them. That night shifted the direction of his life. It made him no longer an examiner of pulses and a distributor of pills, but an apostle of health, a preacher unto all the people of the gospel of physical regeneration. Now once more was he happy: he had found something to do. The stupor had departed from the old borough; and valiantly did he fight, so long as he remained in it, to keep that stupor away. Lecture followed lecture: he addressed schools, churches, general audiences; and when he made ready to continue his journey southward, the grateful people, as an expression of their good-will, compelled him to be the bearer of a present of silver plate. Thus was written the preface to a new volume in this human life, whose colophon, we trust, is still separated from us by

many chapters! His next stopping-place was Richmond; and, as an evidence of the tremendous meaning with which he had entered the new field of effort stands the fact, that in seven weeks spent at Richmond he delivered seventy-two lectures.

In the spring of 1853, it was deemed prudent for Mrs. Lewis to return to the north; and there, after abundant communings with friends, and particularly with his own heart, Dr. Lewis decided to retire from his medical practice in Buffalo, and devote his energies to the proclamation, before the people, of physiological and sanitary truths. Providing himself with extensive apparatus for illustration, charts, plates, casts, mannikin, he set forth upon his first systematic lecturing tour. The most astonishing success attended his efforts. He visited the chief cities of the North-western States and the Canadas: when winter approached, he bent his course once more to the south: but, wherever he went, multitudes crowded to hear him. It is not difficult to account for this vast popularity. Here was a physician, of scientific culture and of considerable practical experience, tall, broad-shouldered, and powerful in frame, with immense lungs and clarion voice, with warm magnetic social nature, great humour, and fiery earnestness, competent by his clear perceptions to simplify the profoundest principles of physiological science, and able by his vivid oratory to throw a charm over the driest themes, devoting himself with consuming zeal to make the people understand how fearfully and wonderfully God has constructed these bodies of ours, and how sacred is the duty of honouring these bodies' laws. His lectures were physiology illuminated by humanity and eloquent common-sense. He stripped himself of all professional modes; he taught his lips to forget the sesquipedalian jargon of the schools. His object was to make men and women see certain tremendous facts. He stood among them a brother-man, faithfully interpreting the hieroglyphics of a science of deepest concern to themselves. With unflagging enthusiasm, with remorseless fidelity, he brought down to men's business and bosoms the essential truths of Anatomy, "that sacred genesis, which shows us the master-piece of the Creator, and which teaches us how little and how great man is." Fearless, eloquent, and self-poised; armed at every point with argument and repartee; able to smite opponents to the earth with the knotty clubs of logic, or to cover them with robes of ridicule and bury them out of sight beneath the laughter of the crowd; dealing out anecdote, and imagery, and argument, and telegraphing his enthusiasm on threads of passion to thousands of hearts, he went from city to city, a terrible revivalist, lightning-clad champion of the humanest truth. So passed three years. It was a period crowded with toil, usefulness, excitement, and victory. But at the end of this time, even his capacious vitality began to intimate the need of repose; and a journey to Europe was decided upon. He did not, however, indulge himself in a prolonged respite from toil. After a few months on this side of the Atlantic—

spent chiefly in Paris among the medical schools—he hastened back to America, and resumed his efforts as a public lecturer. More numerous and more beautiful charts, a more perfect mannikin, a richer collection of illustrative apparatus in general, were the spoils of this summer raid into England and France; while the increased energy and the keener relish with which he again dashed into his philanthropic labours, bore witness to the refreshment his whole nature had gathered in from the expedition. And it was about this time that there began to ripen in his mind certain ideas of a very revolutionary and progressive sort, on the subject of physical culture. This was no new theme to him. He had brooded over the problem long and anxiously. It had seemed to him that among all the causes of physical weakness and disease in these modern days, none is more palpable, none more lamentable in its effects, than the almost universal neglect of physical exercise. But whence this neglect? And may it not be cured? And how? Here were questions for a philosopher as well as a philanthropist. Whoso shall pierce to the bottom of this business, and solve the difficulties unearthed by these three questions, will be one of the world's benefactors and saviours. It appeared to Dr. Lewis, deeply pondering these problems, that there were at least half-a-dozen reasons for the prevalent omission to take physical exercise, one reason operating with one man, another with the next, and so forth. Why is it that people, to so large an extent, neglect the imperious duty of systematic body-culture? Undoubtedly it is partly owing to ignorance and misappreciation of the duty; but more especially to the inherent deficiencies of the old gymnastic system commonly in vogue. That system, viewed in connexion with the vast and peculiar needs of modern times, is about the most stupid, inflexible, inadequate, and preposterous that could possibly be devised. In the first place, it imposes upon its disciples the duty of erecting a special temple for the celebration of its ritual; and not only so, but it superadds the necessity of quite an endowment for the furniture of the temple; and when all is done, the system abides a grim tyrant, stiffly sitting within these brick walls, and requiring all who would receive its gifts to come thither for them; and even when they have approached and entered the presence of this wooden divinity, lo, the very orgies he proposes to celebrate are such as must absolutely exclude eight-tenths of the human family from their execution, and are generally very dull and often very detrimental even to the remaining two-tenths. Can it be any longer a mystery that men, women, and children, in these latter days, so commonly omit to receive proper gymnastic training? The erection of a special building, and the purchase of the needful machinery, are not practicable in every neighbourhood; and to take the time to perform a special journey out of one's neighbourhood, whenever he would have his gymnastic exercise, is by no means practicable for every individual; and even should

all have the money and the time to make their daily or bi-weekly gymnastic expeditions, on arrival before the apparatus it proves unsuitable for one half of the race to begin with, and that half, also, the very portion which most suffer from the want of exercise, namely, the whole female sex; and unsuitable, likewise, for those who are quite young, for the elderly, and for the delicate of all ages and both sexes. And the deadliest objection to this whole arrangement is that the gymnastic art, which is a really beautiful and benignant one, is thus withdrawn from the blessed fellowship of all those arts which minister to the joy, and comfort, and utility of our social life, and is made to stand apart, outside the sweet circle of domestic amenities, a cold and solitary thing. What if the modern art of music were so bunglingly constituted that it required for its execution a special building, with cumbrous and costly instruments; and, instead of having its radiant and consoling presence in our households and on our sportive rambles, ministering to us in joy and sorrow, as we sit by our fireside or in our garden arbours, through its sweet witchery of sound defrauding us of our griefs and earth-damps, and lifting us above the world and out of ourselves on its soaring pinions, it were necessary, whenever we would have its communications, to organize an expedition to some remote music-temple, and leave our firesides and our arbours for the purpose. Under such a scheme of things, how many in the world would cultivate music, or have an appreciation of its full mission to humanity. And just what we mean to assert of the gymnastic art is, that if it is ever to be made efficient, it must be adopted among the social forces and joys of our daily life; it must become a merry, diffusive, frolicsome thing for the parlour, the nursery, and the garden house, as well as for the public hall; an accomplishment of polite society; a game for boisterous moments in the jollities of the soir e; a recreative task to be caught up in the study in the interludes of stern thought; an accessible and an ever-ready servitor in our spare fragments of life.

I think it utterly impossible to understand Dr. Lewis and his special work as a gymnasiarch, without viewing the subject from just this angle. Easy would it have been for him as an erudite anatomist to construct a system of bodily movements which should be purely scientific; but how to construct a system which, while being purely scientific, should also attract the love and delight of mankind. You may spin systems till the world ends; of sadly little benefit will they be to you, or me, or others, unless men and women will take them to their hearts. And Dr. Lewis seems to have placed it distinctly before his mind to devise a scheme of gymnastic movements which should meet all the demands of the most enlightened physiologist, and at the same time should weave into its texture every legitimate thread of human attraction and interest. I hesitate not to say that in this attempt he has achieved the most consummate success.

To begin with, he resolved to adopt for the

machinery of his system a few pieces of light wooden apparatus, the rod, the dumb-bell, the ring, and the club. Not one of these would require to be attached to wall, post, or ceiling; each being taken in the hand when used, and laid down when the exercises connected with it are completed. Here, at the threshold, were certain great points gained: cheapness, the poorest family can have its gymnasium; compactness, the smallest house is large enough to contain its gymnasium; adaptedness to every condition of health and strength, and to women as well as to men; portability, for the gymnasium may, at a moment's notice, be erected in parlour, study, nursery, bedroom, garden, or packed into the portmanteau and carried on a journey. Obviously, whatsoever system shall enfold this skeleton will not be liable to the chiefest objections made against the old methods.

And with these as his tools, Dr. Lewis proceeded to the construction of exercises in which these tools were to be employed. Each piece of apparatus suggested a vast series of movements peculiar to itself in character and result, and affording an almost infinite play for ingenuity and variety. Dr. Lewis contrived to arrange these movements in such a manner, that each series should begin quietly and gently, requiring but little effort in their execution, and employing but a limited number of muscles: gradually, however, advancing in force and rapidity, and as the energies of the body begin to arouse themselves and to kindle into the glow of exertion, adding muscle to muscle, and limb to limb, until at last the grand gymnastic climax is reached, and the whole muscular force of the system rallies to the onset and flings itself, at once and with fiery enthusiasm, into the magnificent and impassioned jubilee of bodily activity.

I am painfully aware that mere words are quite inadequate to convey a distinct idea of the movements which I am attempting to describe—of their articulate form and sweep, of their beautiful balance and fine intercommunication, of the statuesque attitudes they perpetually evolve, of their inevitable conquest of physical stupor and inertness, of their triumphal procession through the realms and satrapies of the muscular system. The execution of these movements is with me continually a species of physical rapture; and, though my own experience struggles to wreak itself upon language, I bring my pen to a pause, and read what I have written, only to find how difficult it is to make words describe motions, and to assure my readers that these novel exercises must be seen, nay, must be felt, before they can be understood.

It ought to be stated, in addition to the foregoing, that the movements in each gymnastic series have their fixed order of sequence; that this order has been determined on physiological principles and after patient experiment; and that, when learnt by the pupil, the execution of each series involves constant intellectual attention, producing thereby a pleasurable activity, as if we were following an interesting problem through its inevitable

stages, or were threading our way along the notes of a muscular tune.

Moreover, I must now mention that in applying the word "tune" to certain muscular processes, I have not used an extravagant metaphor; for these processes are glorified into a literal tune, by being so adjusted that they may be executed to the actual throb and rhythm of music. I need not delay to insist upon the immensely attractive power of music in stimulating and sustaining bodily movements. "What passion cannot music raise and quell?" The sailor heaves away to the beat of some rude air; the army languishes in its march when the band stops; and dancing, which, in every age, appears as the most generic and universal festivity of the human family, would sink to a piece of drudgery, and lose all its votaries, if music were sundered from its alliance. When the potency of music in all these services is remembered, it seems strange that the value of connecting it with gymnastic exercises has been so slowly recognized. The experiment was, indeed, made long before Dr. Lewis's time; and it is not uncommon now, in the performances of acrobats, to find music going forward simultaneously with the grotesque evolutions of these wretched tricksters. But in all such cases, the connection between the movement of the body and the flow of the music has been very loose, only here and there a movement being struck in at a musical beat. In the Dio Lewis system, however, the blending is complete; every action, and stroke, and pulsation has its musical counterpart; motion and music are married into one; and rhythm, with its stately or its rapid step, strides through every series of these gymnastic exercises, even as it animates the flow and majesty of verse.

It will be unnecessary to go further in this analysis of Dr. Lewis's gymnastic methods. I will conclude what I have to say upon this part of the subject, by gathering up the scattered threads of my description, and compressing into a single paragraph a statement of the essential characteristics of the new system. Let it be understood then, in brief, that these gymnastics differ from all preceding systems as regards the apparatus employed, the mode of employment, and the results attending its employment. The system discards at once and totally the heavy, complicated machinery of the old gymnasium, and adopts alone light wooden rings, wooden rods, wooden dumb-bells, and wooden clubs. The exercises which this simple apparatus involves are elaborated in the most philosophical manner, in distinct sets; each exercise has its own invariable place in the series to which it belongs; all are adapted to quick and stirring music; they combine almost infinite variety with consummate simplicity and precision. They exclude neither young nor old; they can be performed by the most delicate at the same time that they employ the strength of the most athletic; they are an exhaustless source of entertainment and diversion; they comprehend movements for every limb and muscle of the body, thereby producing fine symmetry of development; and finally

they admit of being performed in drawing-room or hall by ladies and gentlemen together, in a manner the most graceful, pleasing, and appropriate.

It will not be imagined that the system we have endeavoured to portray was elaborated in a solitary and instantaneous effort of thought. On the contrary, it was a slow growth in its author's mind. In the midst of his peregrinations and toils as a public lecturer, he prosecuted his gymnastic studies, and conducted his gymnastic experiments. A multitude of exercises were conceived, and thrown away, before those which now form the system were adopted. Every conception was put to the test, and survived or perished, according to its demonstrable merits in the crucible of practice. When at last the system had reached a good degree of perfection, Dr. Lewis decided to bring to an end his nomadic way of life, and to locate permanently in the city of Boston, the political capital of Massachusetts, the intellectual capital of the Western Hemisphere. It was his purpose to found there a great institution for physical education, which should be the means of proving and of propagating his methods of bodily culture. Accordingly, in 1859, he went to Boston. He immediately opened a spacious hall for the reception of classes; he took charge of gymnastics in several prominent schools; he established a monthly gymnastic paper; he appeared before the American Institute of Instruction, at its annual Convention, in the following year, and explained his system to that important educational society; he occasionally accepted invitations to lecture in neighbouring cities; and, by all these means, he drew to himself and to his theme the earnest attention of the public. It could not be otherwise than that a demand for teachers of the new system should soon be made upon him. Educators in the remotest parts of the nation, in Mobile, in Galveston, in San Francisco, had heard of his methods; and from far and near came assurances that living exponents of the New Gymnastics were wanted by the people. He now felt justified in carrying into execution a scheme which he had long cherished. Obtaining an act of incorporation from the Legislature, he founded, in the year 1861, the Normal College for Physical Education. Concerning the establishment of this college, the same words may be used which Neander employs concerning a book written by Marsilius, of Padua, *it made an epoch*. Graduates of this institution have gone forth through all the cities and villages of the North, preaching everywhere the doctrines of their earnest Teacher, organizing classes among men, women, and children, in every rank of life, and demonstrating to the world the dawn of a new Profession—the Profession of Health and Bodily Vigour. The movement of thought in America towards physical culture is thus organized upon a profound and abiding basis. An impulse has been given which vibrates through a population of twenty millions; and this impulse cannot die. From Bangor to Sacramento, from Montreal and Quebec to the lands which are robed in the fiery skirts of war, a popular awakening upon this subject has

been created, so deep, so universal, as to give it a historical significance, and to make the foundation of the Normal College for Physical Education an event from which to date a new period in the evolution of Anglo-American life. And of this vast and beneficial movement, Dr. Lewis stands clearly at the head. To him the people are looking as to an Apostle and Guide. He has inaugurated in America a great national reform, as distinct, as influential, as glorious, as that which was wrought in Germany by Salzmänn and Jahn, or in Sweden by the poet and gymnasiarch Ling.

I have thus attempted to tell the story of Dr. Lewis's life, for the purpose of making that life interpret the system of gymnastics which bears his name, as well as the great educational revival which it seems his mission to conduct.

I should be guilty of essential incompleteness in my portrait if I omitted to speak of him in the character of author. From the commencement of his professional career until the present hour, he has been in consort with the craft of printers: he has been an editor, a pamphleteer, a newspaper correspondent, and a writer for the magazines; but the volume alluded to at the beginning of this article is his first appearance as the author of a book. Since then, however, he has published a work on consumption, entitled, "Weak Lungs, and how to make them strong:" and has also announced several others on kindred topics as in the course of preparation.

A glance at the first half dozen pages of either book will reveal the leading characteristics of his style. Hawthorne somewhere alludes to a "sominiverous school of literature." It is quite safe to affirm that Dr. Lewis does not belong to that school. Whatever else may be said of him, on every page, in every sentence, he is thoroughly awake. Terse, idiomatic, lucid, he plunges at once into the midst of his theme; he hits squarely the central idea; to the right and left he flashes his racy illustrations, and then stops! His muscularity braces his rhetoric. His strong arm hurls the sentences along the page. His immense vitality throbs in every syllable. In reading Dr. Lewis's prose, I have often been reminded of the description given by the brilliant Garth Wilkinson of Professor Ling's poetry:—"His verse breathes with a Homeric spirit of combat, with a delight in the good science of the strokes. It has the harshness and boldness of a muscular rhyme. His harp was strung with bear's sinews." Dr. Lewis deals in similes. He speaks parables. His method of statement is boldly and luminously concrete. Perhaps no fitter illustration of his manner can be presented than is furnished by the following passage from his recent work on "Weak Lungs":—

"A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment.

"A salt rheum appears on the hand. An ignorant doctor says, 'It is a disease of the skin.' An ointment is applied. The eruption disappears.

"An ulcer appears on the ankle. The doctor

says, 'It is a disease of the ankle.' He applies a salve. The sore disappears.

"The ear discharges. 'The membranes of the ear passage are diseased,' says the physician, and he prescribes an injection. The discharge is arrested.

"A case of nasal catarrh is presented. The medical man says, 'This nose is sick.' A snuff is prescribed. The discharge ceases.

"In each of these cases the doctor has entirely misapprehended the seat of the malady. Of course his prescription is a blunder.

"Salt rheum is not a disease of the skin. It is a disease of the system showing itself in the skin. The ulcer is not a disease of the ankle. It is a disease of the system showing itself at the ankle.

A ship's crew is seized with some fearful malady. They hang out a flag of distress. Another ship passes near the infected vessel. Its captain discovers the flag of distress. He sends a boat's crew to cut it down. The captain turns to his passengers with the triumphant exclamation, 'We have saved them! All signs of distress have disappeared!'

"A human body is diseased in every part. A flag of distress is hung out in the form of an ulcer at the ankle. Some ignorant physician sees it. He covers it with a salve, which compels it to close. Then he cries, 'See, it is all gone!'

"Another illustration. The ulcer upon the ankle is driven from that place by an ointment. Soon it appears in the lungs. The doctor cannot get at it there, with his ointment, and resorts to inhalation. He is still determined to apply the drug to the local manifestation. Pulmonary consumption is not a disease of the lungs. It first pervades every part of every tissue of the entire organism. At length it assumes local expression in the lungs. How utterly blind to apply a drug to the ulcer, either when it is on the ankle or in the lungs; to dry it up or drive it away, while the real disease is left in the system. How infinitely more sensible, with sunshine, fresh air, bathing, nutritious food, cheerful society, and wisely-directed exercise, to remove the systemic morbid conditions."

During the past eighteen months, Dr. Lewis has been a weekly contributor to *The Independent*, the organ of Cheever and the Beechers, the ablest and most extensively-circulated politico-religious paper in America. The articles written for this paper are upon practical topics of physiology and health: they are very brief, intensely vital, and always read. In each of these dense paragraphs he contrives to pack more truth about the human body, and how to take care of it, than most writers would get into a chapter. I cannot forbear to present the following as a very fair specimen of what "The Country Parson" calls "The Art of Putting Things," and of putting them into a very small compass. It is

"ON THE TEETH.

"They decay. Hence unseemly mouth, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause?

"I reply, want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays.

"The mouth is a warm place—ninety-eight degrees. Particles of food between the teeth soon decompose.

"Gums and teeth must suffer. Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age.

"How shall it be secured? Use a quill-pick and rinse the mouth after eating. Brush and Castile soap every morning: brush and simple water on going to bed.

"Bestow this trifling care on your teeth, and you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your days.

"Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care. Sugar, acids, saleratus, and hot things are nothing when compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Long use may wear out the teeth; but keep them clean and they will never decay."

Dr. Lewis is still in the prime of his life, in the possession of magnificent health, full of hope for humanity, of a cheerfulness large as the generous sea, and manifesting in his daily life a character like that which Kemble ascribed to Kean—"terribly in earnest." If we may accept the definition given by a renowned living author, "happiness is living through the whole range of one's faculties and sensibilities," then we shall conclude that Dr. Lewis is a very happy man. We believe that he has many years of activity before him, and that he has only just begun to reap his abounding harvest of usefulness and fame.

No man, if he be wise, will consent to give up the serene consolations of Optimism, or hesitate to believe, even against appearances, that the world is tending to a higher plane of thought, and therefore to a juster standard of human estimation. When this hope shall be realized, a radiant beauty, now unperceived, will hover about the names of those, who, in any age, turning from the chase of more sonorous philosophies, have given their lives to the elucidation and enforcement of the simple philosophy of Bodily Health.

Γινώσκειν δ' οἶμαι το καλῶς, ἰατρὸν ἰόντα,
Και ταῖς ἐννεία δὴ πεφιλαμένον ἔξοχα Μοῖσαιζ.

What more noble scope for a man's highest powers on earth, and what more needed that this! Before us perpetually stands this huge, omnipresent, almost omnivorous, fact of DISEASE. It is million-handed, million-footed, million-fanged. And its ravages who can narrate or comprehend? It looms upon our sight a horrid Colossus, darkening the planet. And no existing profession has as yet adequately grappled with this fact of DISEASE. The sciences have not, nor the universities, nor the savans within or without them. The utmost energy of medical men has thus far spent itself in desperate efforts to contend with Disease after it has made its assault, comparatively none to prevent the assault being made; and until our strategy changes, and we adopt the obvious generalship of going forth and

routing the assailant before he gets within the fortress, the most successful fighting will be but giving a check, not achieving a victory. Up to latest dates the function of the medical profession is chiefly curative, not preventive. We do not speak of this as the fault of the medical profession; we do regard it as the misfortune of the world. No profession can do more than one thing. We give the doctors so much toil to cure our diseases, that they have neither time nor strength to prevent them. But another and an adjunct profession is called for by the needs of the race; and we insist that until this advanced policy be adopted of absolutely warding off the strokes of disease, instead of merely pouring ointment upon the spot which writhes beneath the touch of his cruel paw, nothing but negative conclusions can be reached.

But while these higher tactics have not yet been fully organized into a profession, it is pleasing to reflect that there have been individuals, both of the medical profession and of none, who clearly saw the grandeur of such a scheme of effort, and bravely consecrated their lives to its prosecution. It will be difficult to adjust any noble scale of estimation by which these men shall not be recognized as among the true heroes and apostles of the earth, and worthy of honour with the highest. Not brazen statues, but golden ones, are due to the memory of Jahn, of Schreber, of Follen, of Elias, of Ling. And there can be little doubt that, high in the roll of those who have been the benefactors of the human race, in its fierce conflict with physical suffering, will stand the name of that earnest and indefatigable man whose brilliant career in America we have sought in this article to make known to English readers.

MOSES COIT TYLER, M.A.

POEMS BY JEAN INGELOW.*

(WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1863.)

THIS month of September, just in the turn of the summer, is a delightful month at the sea-side. Just as a cast rather of meditative thought than of genuine sadness comes upon the trees; just as a graveness begins to gather that shall overmaster the shout and laughter of the harvest fields, and the abundant calm wealth of the orchards—just while all is still, *all-but* only glad—there is, to many, a pleasure in turning from scenery on the very brink of change, and looking, for a week or two, upon the changeless sea. We turn away from our friend's face just when the eyes are brightest and the colour almost too deep, and we can then disbelieve, for the present, that consumption is at the root of the beauty. We can bear it better when a month has passed; and now there is no

* Longmans, 1863.

mistake, no anxious, positive assertions, no doubt, no hope. But the first herald of death, striding into the midst of life's very harvest home—that is more painful than the quiet familiarity with it which a few weeks give.

And so men turn to the sea, while the earth is yet full of rude health, and only a hint of coming winter gives a deeper flush to the autumn glory. Before the far-seeing, and therefore calm and cheerful, Robin comes, and, sitting by the casement, calls up thoughts of wide sheets of snow and scarlet-berried trees; and of how a well-tuned mind can be song-full and glad when all the corn is carried, and the fruit eaten, and the flowers forgotten, and the winter has come. Before the last cart goes home in the sunset, and life, of men and corn, leaves the silent fields; before the long, painfully-concealed fire in the heart of the trees breaks forth, here and there; and the trees, relieved that the secret is out, scatter lavishly their leaves to the wind. Away, before the change begins; it will not seem so sad when we return, to look upon the bare lands, and the thinning woods; we shall expect it then;—it is not so sad to see a face changed, as to see the first hint of its changing.

This month of September has run away with the pen that was indeed bound for the Sea-side. For beside the mighty Sea of events unknown must the critic pace, with much the same object as that of many a wanderer on the shore of Brighton or Scarborough at the present time. For behold such wanderer, as the tide recedes from the wet stones, and the fresh glittering weeds! What has this last tide given him in the night?—this is his thought. And carefully he gazes with bent head and look intent, and here and there he stops, turns over a pebble, and then goes on. Again he stops, now for a longer time;—turning over the pebble is not sufficient now; he takes it up, examines it—perhaps to throw it down, and go on again with close and careful gaze. What is this? He picks it up—not lightly to be thrown down; he holds it up, he examines it again; at last it is slipped into his wallet, in company with other pebbles, fossils, and shells. At home the examination is resumed, and the more precious cared for, cut, set, worn, or laid in the cabinet; others treated less carefully; some, after all, rejected.

Many, very many, idle pebbles does each day's tide cast at the critic's feet, but past them all he paces, now hoping, anon disappointed; now in doubt, anon convinced; now gathering to him a treasure, more or less precious. Chary is Time's great Sea of his treasures; pebbles, common, but still worth cutting, come pretty numerous; more seldom, a very choice agate, or a more rare crystal, turquoise, lapis-lazuli; at great intervals, emeralds, or rubies; now and then a diamond.

It is on his return home, in his study, that the critic must sort his collection, and see what the vast Sea has indeed thrown at his feet. Whether the jewel be a jewel indeed;—what may be taken from its value by some flaw, made patent in the cutting;—of what water the diamonds—how rare

the crystal;—the Public often await his verdict before they invest.

"Poems by Jean Ingelow." This has the critic found at his feet, yet wet from the retiring Sea. This has he gathered into his wallet. This has a brother Critic not hesitated to proclaim a diamond. What shall *this* Critic say, after close examination, as to this his latest find? Hear his conscientious and respectful verdict! Not a diamond, but a very clear and precious crystal. So clear and bright, that diamonds may lie in the rock from which the Sea washed it,—but yet not a diamond. To be just is to be generous. Over-praise is less kind than over-blame. Our word is rather, "Forward, brave, lithe, likely runner!"—than "Sit down, winner, at the goal!" There is much to be done, and the beginning is well made. That is a better assurance, more healthy and spirit-stirring, than the declaring that there are no more worlds to conquer. We do not speak of Jean Ingelow together with Tennyson and Wordsworth. But we *do* speak of her with Arnold, with Longfellow, and Elizabeth Browning. And we add that *their* race is run, or nearly; *hers* but at the first burst of the start.

In truth, we have here a right pleasant volume—and something more. There is tenderness of no common order; clear indications of power, though perhaps more latent than developed; and an earnest, still faith and quiet confidence underlying all, a warm inner heart of religion, a calm, unshaken resting upon the Truth of God. And this last characteristic is none of the least valuable for a poet, in this age of little faith—of tossed hearts, and doubting minds, and storm-driven beliefs. That poetry be *true* is almost a necessity for its existence. And in these poems, under their lightest grace, we feel, without its being obtruded upon us, that the standing is firmly taken upon the very Rock of Truth.

Almost the first poem in the volume is that which especially calls for, and justifies, these remarks. It deals, in no weak or timid spirit, with the troubled scientific guesses of the day. We find in it a calm, quiet power, exercised with self-reliant skill. There is a fine and solemn sarcasm, too, in some of the verses, which glides, with dangerous effect, within an opponent's fence. It is a subtle and fine rapier, in a steady, strong hand. To give some examples.

The poem itself is slight in plan. "*Honours*," thus is it named. One has tried for them,—and failed. A friend,—who has probably got by heart "*The Lotos Eaters*" and "*Locksley Hall*," writes to console him. He recommends to him leisure instead of work, by the example of the everlasting sea, and the growing grass, and the sitting dove. He cheers him with the reminding that the perception and language of the poet is his, and is his still,—better than dry honours, which the plodding may win:—

"Tis yours, not mine, to pluck out of your breast
Some human truth, whose workings recondite
Were unattir'd in words, and manifest;
And hold it forth to light;

And cry, "Behold this thing that I have found!"
And, though they knew not of it till that day,
Nor should have done, with no man to expound
Its meaning, yet they say,

We do accept it; lower than the shoals
We skim this diver went, nor did create,
But find it for us deeper in our souls
Than we can penetrate.

You were to me the world's interpreter,—
The man that taught me nature's unknown tongue;
And, to the notes of her wild dulcimer,
First set sweet words and sung."

This is a beautiful amplification, and something more—of Pope's:—

"Something, whose truth, convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind."

The second part of the poem gives us the answer of the disappointed poet to his friend. Rather, it is a talking out loud to himself. He has come to a chasm in the path which he had chosen, what now shall he do? Which now is his path? O! to find it, and tread it!

"Is there such path already made to fit
The measure of my foot? it shall atone
For much, if I at length may light on it,
And know it for mine own.

But is there none? Why, then, 'tis more than well;
And glad at heart myself will hew one out,
Let me be only sure; for sooth to tell
The sorest dole is doubt.

Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
All sweetest colours in its dimness same;
A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding, we misname."

The mention of "doubt" strikes the key-note of his trouble, and becomes the subject of a fugue on the word. It brings him, ere long, to the subjects of the day; controversy, he urges,—musing, doubtless, on the cold days that followed the Deist-war,—is apt to leave barrenness, when its waves retire.

"Love may be watched, her nature to decide,
Until love's self doth wane."

And now-a-days, with the questions of science,
so absorbing to men's minds,

"Searching those edges of the universe,
We leave the central fields a fallow part;
To feed the eye, more precious things amerce,
And starve the darkened heart.

Then all goes wrong; the old foundations rock;
One scorns at him of old who gazed unshod;
One, striking with a pickaxe, thinks the shock
Shall move the seat of God.

A little way, a very little way,
(Life is so short) they dig into the rind,
And they are very sorry, so they say,—
Sorry for what they find.

But truth is sacred,—ay, and must be told;
There is a story long believed of man;
We must forego it, for it will not hold—
Nature had no such plan.

And then, if 'God hath said it,' some should cry,
We have the story from the fountain-head;
*Why, then, what better than the old reply,
The first, 'Yea HATH God said?'*"

The garden, that man has so long hoped to win again,—all must go, all "upon the Titan child's decree, the baby science, born but yesterday." All must give way before the dictum of the tiresome little tyrant, "in its rash, unlearned infancy, with shells and stones at play." For it fancies that it has lit upon truth kept from it, and studiously put up on a shelf fondly thought to be above its reach.

There is another side to the matter, however:

"But if He keep not secret,—if thine eyes
He openeth to His wondrous work of late,—
Think how in soberness thy wisdom lies,
And have the grace to wait.

Wait, nor against the half-learned lesson fret,
Nor chide at old belief as if it erred,
Because thou canst not reconcile as yet
The Worker and the word.

Either the Worker did in ancient days
Give us the word, His tale of love and might;
And if in truth he gave it us, who says
He did not give it right?

Or else He gave it not, and then indeed
We know not if He is—by whom our years
Are portioned, *who the orphan moons doth lead,*
AND THE UNFATHERED SPHERES."

This last couplet is, in truth, sublime. That last cut brought out a glint of the rarest diamond-light:—

"We sit unowned upon our burial sod,
And know not whence we come or whose we be,
Comfortless mourners for the mount of God,
The rocks of Calvary.

Bereft of Heaven, and of the long-loved page
Wrought us by some who thought with death to cope;
Despairing comforters, from age to age
Sowing the seeds of hope.

Gracious deceivers, who have lifted us
Out of the slough where passed our unknown youth,
Beneficent liars, who have gifted us
With sacred love of truth."

Antithetical paradox as strong, if not as pithy,
as the famous lines—

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

He turns from thoughts of God's might to thoughts of His love, and thence to that Word which, Ignatius writes, never was unspoken;—that Word by which the Thought of God is expressed to man.

"Is there, O is there aught that such is Thou
Wouldst take from such as I?"

He will leave those high dreams of Honours for the far higher, though earthly-humbler, work of the Ministry.

"Let my lost pathway go,—what aileth me?—
There is a better way.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod ?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong."

The next Poem from which we quote is of another character. Still, however, it tells of a scholar, with heart awaking sometimes into discontented questioning. But we are taking a pleasant walk through English lanes and fields, to a gate, where works a singing carpenter, with a little child laid by him in the standing wheat. The child is only an adopted child. The man lost his wife long ago, after not a year of married life. And so he transferred so much of his love as was transferable to the little one that he had taken into his home. Very manly and touching, and akin to the feelings of most hearts, are the words in which he describes the first desolation of grief, the almost self-reproach, at first, of feeling Time's healing touch applied; the better, larger knowledge that he won, of the gain and even the happiness of sorrow and loss, and the rightfulness,—nay, the duty, of being happy, with the good things that the Giver had still bountifully given.

"I loved her well, I wept her sore,
And when her funeral left my door
I thought that I should never more
Feel any pleasure near me glow;
But I have learned, though this I had,
'Tis sometimes natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad,
Unless he wills to have it so.

Oh, I had heavy nights at first,
And daily wakening was the worst;
For then my grief arose, and burst
Like something fresh upon my head;
Yet, when less keen it seemed to grow,
I was not pleased—I wished to go
Mourning adown this vale of woe,
For all my life, un comforted.

I grudged myself the lightsome air,
That makes men cheerful unaware;
When comfort came, I did not care
To take it in, to feel it stir:
And yet God took with me His plan,
And now, for my appointed span,
I think I am a happier man,
For having wed and wept for her.

I have the courage to be gay,
Although she lieth lapped away
Under the daisies; for I say,
'Thou wouldst be glad, if thou could'st see;
My constant thought makes manifest
I have not what I love the best,
But I must thank God for the rest,
While I hold Heaven a verity."

These verses are wholesome and beautiful. The one exception to be made to this poem and another, "Reflections,"—is, the metre. The eight feet in the middle and last, or chiming lines, drag heavily, and do not finish with a clean ring. This is more apparent in some of the less important stanzas.

But we must more hastily pass over some of the poems in a group.

"The Star's Monument" has a pretty thought, and some graceful verses. Especially, the true vocation of Star and Poet is beautifully laid down. But, as a whole, the piece is not among the more striking, neither is "Brothers, and a Sermon,"—nor "The Four Bridges," two of the longer poems of the volume; though they have their touches of beauty, both in execution and thought. "The High Tide" is an entire failure, attempting, as it does, to don antiquity of garb; and there are others, with more or less of mediocrity.

We pass on, then, to "The Letter L." This is a longer poem; its story simple and pretty:—a story of the giving of Love's supposed Autumn primrose, that afterwards was discovered by the giver to be indeed the very spring flower. Take these verses, of Love given, but unprized, for a specimen of the easy rhythm and graceful thought of the Poem:—

" 'Weave on,' he said, and as she wove
We told how currents in the deep,
With branches from a lemon grove,
Blue bergs will sweep.

Then, flouted out by vagrant thought,
My soul beheld on torrid sand
The wasteful water set at nought
Man's skilful hand;

And suck out gold-dust from the box,
And wash it down in weedy whirls,
And split the wine-keg on the rocks,
And lose the pearls.

'Ah, why to that which needs it not,
Methought should costly things be given!
How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot,
On this side heaven!'"

The ending of the Poem is particularly well-conceived and done.

"*A Cottage in a Chine*," is the title, somewhat quaint, of a pretty little poem:

"We reached the place by night,
And heard the waves breaking;
They came to meet us with candles alight,
To show the path we were taking,
A myrtle, trained on the gate, was white
With tufted flowers down shaking."

The sea plunges on the sand all night; and the wife keeps awake, with unsleeping joy in her heart, for which she had yet "no reason ready."

"But, on a sudden—hark!
Music struck asunder
Those meshes of bliss, and I wept in the dark,
So sweet was the unseen wonder;
So swiftly it touched, as if struck at a mark,
The trouble that joy kept under.

I rose—the moon outshone;
I saw the sea heaving,
And a little vessel sailing alone,
The small crisp wavelet cleaving;
'Twas she, as she sailed to her port unknown—
Was that track of sweetness leaving."

Husband and Father was in that boat; so the telegraph wires inform the listener, after some hours of sleep have stolen upon her eyes:

"We rose up in the night,
The morning star was shining;
We carried the child in its slumber light,
Out by the myrtles twining;
Orion over the sea hung bright,
And glorious in declining."

So they never saw the quiet little sea-cottage, after all.

"That cottage in a Chine,
We were not to behold it,
But there may the purest of sunbeams shine;
May freshest flowers enfold it,
For sake of the news which our hearts must twine
With the bower—where we were told it."

A slight poem; yet every one likes to get a peep at a moonlit sea; and so we gave two little windows for our readers' behoof, through which they might very distinctly behold the immeasurable, wrinkled, hoary, silver-tracked waste.

A sweet little picture of childhood is that that the mother shows to the reader, in the poem bearing title, "*A Mother showing the Portrait of her Child.*" It touches tenderly on that wistful yearning, which so soon comes to the heart, for that strange time of life which has no past, and the Present is full of wonder, and its future of dreamy joy. No Past; no unfulfilled hopes on which to look back; no friends lost or changed; no dark pages of irremediable sin; and those high visions and soaring plans are not yet born, that shall one day fall into the sea with melted wings; and those bubbles are not yet blown, that shall gleam, and rise, and burst, and vanish, and yet never be quite forgotten. Man, with such reflections, looks at the child as a thing of another world; he remembers that he was once such a thing, but he cannot recall, even to memory, that dim, distant state of being.

"Is it warm in that green valley,
Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley,
Round whose towers such great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley—
Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there Angels in the valley?
Tell me—I forget."

Experience, great experience;—it almost saddens it, knowing the inevitable Future, to see a thing that is nothing but unthinkingly happy; that goes singing on in its little boat, on its little brook, out towards the great sea.

"Comes the future to the present,—
'Ah!' she saith, 'too blithe of mood;
Why that smile which seems to whisper—
'I am happy, God is good!'
God is good, that truth eternal
Sown for you in happier years,
I must tend it in my shadow,
Water it with tears."

'Ah, sweet present! I must lead thee
By a daylight more subdued;
There must teach thee low to whisper—
'I am mournful, God is good!'
Peace, thou future, clouds are coming,
Stooping from the mountain's crest,
But that sunshine floods the valley:
Let her—let her rest.'"

"*Songs of Seven.*" This Pleiades cluster of Poems is, perhaps, the chief ornament of the volume. The idea is new; or rather, it is a new application of an old idea. Life has, in Physics, been parcelled into sevens, but hardly before in Metaphysics,—certainly not in Poetry. Yet, that a very sweet set of pictures may be made by thus dividing it—seven panels in one frame—is proved by the Poems of which we speak. Child; Girl; Maiden; Mother; Widow; Giving in Marriage; Longing for Home; these make up the set.

Take the first glad little lyric, for a specimen: it is called, "*Seven times One.*"

"There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my 'seven times' over and over,
Seven times one are seven."

I am so old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave Marsh Marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day."

Many of the following pictures are full of beauty; indeed, we could well wish to learn all our multiplication table at the feet of Miss Ingelow. We had never thought that any pictures could have illustrated it; or have made it aught else but a dismal nuisance, if they had. We quote the last of the series, which is also the choicest Poem in the volume. It is difficult, in truth, to read it out loud, without a sudden catching in the throat, and a blind misting of the eyes.

Husband is dead, and little ones grown and fled, too, from the world, and the widow is alone now.
"*Seven times Seven. Longing for Home.*"

I.

"A song of a boat:—

There was once a boat on a billow;
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till, a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea:
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

IV.

A song of a nest:—

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were
grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one, they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my goodman has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be;
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!"

Miss Ingelow has not a little of the art of putting a landscape into a verse; sometimes into a line. Here, for instance, we seem placed at once on the narrow grass-edged path that divides the clover from the hay-field in many an English valley:—

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

And here we stand alone, on a rise in one of the Highlands,—

"An empty sky, a world of heather."

There is a picture, too large for a frame.

The reader will have seen that it is not without reason that we have spoken commendingly, and hopefully, of this aspirant for the laurel circlet. The start is well made,—is it only the start, or will this runner, as others have done, sit down by the wayside, pressing on no nearer to the goal; will this name, as many others have done, pass, a transient meteor, from the autumn sky into which it dawned, leaving but a little bright track that shall soon also depart? Is this a shooting-star, or will it burn and grow, and gather light, and glow a steady and abiding constellation?

Who shall say? A red flashing light came some years ago, into that sky, whose appearance men hailed, but which seems to have become a lost star now. True, its light was neither so pure, nor so clear and steady, as that of the poetry now under our contemplation. Yet Alexander Smith's muse flashed out some strangely brilliant, if fitful and spasmodic beams. There is more hope, we think, for the future of a more quiet, wholesome beginning. Yet 'tis strange to find how often life's prosaic realities trample down and crush, in very many, the profuse flowers of early youth's imaginings. The emerald meadows, the purple fields, the sheets of pale or deep gold,—the year's end will find these, not unseldom, cut bare, and packed into the useful hay or corn stack,—and 'tis often well that it should be so. Poetry must, as a rule, be the business of a life; not many, like Wordsworth, will give up life to the meditative dreaming, the seclusion from more real matters that obtrude, in order to cultivate *simple poetry*; not many will give up corn land for the growing of only flowers.

Honour be to those that do—though, in truth, it is scarcely a matter of choice. For such sheets of pure flowers, among the somewhat dull landscape of mature life compared to its early wealth of beauty, freshen and lighten up the heart that sometimes wearies of everyday prosaic work,—on this side heaven. *There*, beauty will surely never be divorced from use; here they do not always, nor often go on together long. At least, not in the first glory, any more than the fields in October can match with the fields in June.

That strong intense longing after poetry; the keen appreciation of the poet indeed,—an appreciation that, though it increases in depth, is never so keen in after life;—that vain sweet thought, as we strike our own little lyre, that that great name

of POET may be one day our own; many, no doubt, can recall such past delicious dreamings. The Prose of life has now stepped in, and those fragile petals of Poetry have fallen away, hither and thither, yet we thank any soft wandering wind that brings them back to our feet; that wafts to us even a subtle scent, that makes the autumn or the winter tree white and glorious with them again, if but for one brief hour.

Therefore we thank the young rising Poets that bring us beauty of their own—and with it, beauty that was ours; we thank and bless them, even though they be but as the wind that passes by, and cometh not again.

Be not this the case, however, with Jean Ingelow. May her pure, and healthy, and gentle breezes often come and dispel the smoke from Life's dull city hours. We must not disturb the joyous dreams of Youth with Age's gruff voice at the door, too early in the morning, telling them to get up, for that *our* dreams are done long since. Nor is winter at all in place, stalking grim and gaunt, among the wide sheets of Spring's flowers.

Yea, it is not always that Life's Use and Life's Beauty must take separate paths. See how good George Herbert could consecrate his lyre to that high and noble end which was the grave business of his life. The one helped on the other, and neither had done so well apart.

There is high work for Poet hand at the present day. There is much perplexed music sounding here and there that waits a master hand to blend it to a perfect harmony.

The mighty influence of poetry, rightly used, might tone down a discord in many a heart.

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

And in this age of science-worship, and of sacrificing at the shrine of intellect, the power of Poetry, used on the right side, would be of incalculable value. And to such use our new Lady-poet stands committed. May she speed well, and surpass hope, and win the poet's name, and a higher name than that.

V. I. R.

AMONG literary men, the gift of bearing to be contradicted is, generally speaking, possessed only by the dead. I will not go so far as to assert that, for the sake of possessing it, we ought to wish ourselves dead, for that is a price at which perhaps even higher perfections would be too dearly purchased. I will only say that it would be well if living authors would learn to be externally somewhat dead. The time will come when they must leave behind them a posterity who will sever everything accidental from their reputation, and will be withheld by no reverence from laughing at their faults. Why can they not learn to endure by anticipation this posterity, which every now and then reveals itself, heedless whether they think it envious or unmannerly?—*Lessing*.

Not only is it very difficult to find truth, but when we have found, we are forced to deny it.—*Rahel*.

COMPLEXION OF CHARACTER.

IN uniting mental with linear portraiture, in confirmation of physiognomical rule,—there remains, as though in reflection, a certain likeness of the mind, which is so far detached from either as to speak more powerfully in the absence than the presence of the subject, insomuch that, while the natural form shall lose its distinctness, its incorporeal character shall retain an unfading complexion. By this invisible faculty of the mind's eye it is we are furnished with such a general ideal notion of all with whom we have to do as to be able to comprehend the whole of their character at one blush, and (unlike that practical knowledge of nature which is only to be obtained by degrees) let in, as it were, the experience of an age in an instant of time.

Cast of character, which would seem to come equally under review, may be so far separated from complexion of character that it implies a condition of mind rather as it is constituted by nature than constructed by art, and so indelibly fixed at the earliest stage of the susceptibilities, that in succeeding years persons may be said to be virtually the same in disposition which they were at any former period of their youthful lives. All that has since been done for it, or may have become peculiar to it, must have been raised upon the ground-work of the moral edifice, imbuing the mind's eye with a certain aspect or colouring upon the whole, from which it receives its complexion of character. This complexion of character is forced upon the view of the commonest observer who frames and figures to himself an ideal picture, the impression of which he carries away with him in every connection and under any circumstance, whether he is willing to entertain it or not; as thus we instinctively form all men into classes, and afterwards separate them from each other by mind and manners, as naturally as we do by features and expression; so that this mental portraiture is presented to the mind whenever we talk of, and most especially whenever we think of, the subject. For example: let any one make an experiment upon an absent friend or acquaintance, and he will find the mind's eye even more faithful than the natural one: there may be an effort to associate the mind and the person together, but if either should fail it would be the latter; for in proportion as the lineaments lose their distinctness, the mental resemblance will be more vividly preserved. A principal cause of this may be, that as men cannot change their countenances with the facility they change their minds, we are under more powerful impressions for the time being from what they affect to think and feel than from what they pretend or propose to do: such facial assurances, so often repeated, not allowing time to wait for results that might invalidate the expression both of the face and tongue.

There is a natural tendency in many minds to be ever speculating upon character; a disposition to which self-love and self-preservation may equally

contribute: the former affords them an agreeable opportunity of making comparisons in their favour, while the latter, by enabling them to ascertain what persons are in relation to others, as being of eventual consequence to themselves, may teach them how to avoid a disagreeable contact, to court a desirable acquaintance, or repose in the confidence of a sincere friend.

Nothing heightens this complexion more, or gives it such lively or lasting colours, as love, friendship, or esteem. In love, especially, this fair complexion of character will continue when beauty has grown familiar to the eye and out-charmed the very charms that inspired it: and although, from the opposite cause, the objects of hatred or aversion may be darkened or discoloured in the same degree, still it does not affect the question; inasmuch as they must receive a complexion of some kind or other, although it should not be exactly the true one. In instances where a very slender acquaintance exists, we are apt to carry away much more than the features, and attach to the subject a quality of mind which may, or may not, belong to it; but even upon first-sight appearances, where character is not supposed to be formed, the mind, in relation to it, will be equally active in supplying all deficiencies by conjecture; nor will it be satisfied till it has given it a complexion of its own.

We judge of complexion of character in the absence of the parties much after the manner in which we take a survey of objects at a distance, or the taking of what is technically called "a bird's eye view," lest the angle of the eye should rest only upon a part, and the general proportions should be lost in the individuality: from the same moral distance answering to this artistic elevation it is that we are able to take such a comprehensive view of our neighbour's affairs as to settle the balance of good and evil in his accounts, in order to the preservation of a good understanding. It is of necessity that persons have complexion of character, if they have any character at all: of this we are so individually conscious, that there is no one (whatever he may affect to the contrary) who would not like to choose his own colours, and that as certainly as there are no objects, however mean and insignificant, of whom the mind, in its loftiest independence, can say, "I am purely indifferent to."

Few persons have a clearer notion of character than those who have most occasion to turn this visionary faculty to good political account; a faculty which is strengthened by exercise, and wonderfully adapted to the rapid intercourse of business, where almost everything depends upon observation, and as little as possible left to experience. Many characters who have but superficial notions of virtue themselves have, nevertheless, very substantial reasons for approving of it in others: as, for instance, they have great hopes of making use of the industrious, but great fears lest the idle should make use of them: they consider that idleness is "the root of all evil," not because it leads its

subjects to want, but because it brings them to borrowing of money.

Generally speaking, the world knows us better than we know ourselves; and for this particular reason (however variously it has been accounted for)—we may be fondly struck with certain individualities in our own characters, that may amount to no more in the scale of public opinion than a pennyweight or a drachm, and yet be so occupied with these little excellencies as to reserve to others the superior faculty of putting them together and ascertaining for us how far such trifles make the sum of human things. Since, then, we have as imperfect a knowledge of our own minds as of our faces, we must be satisfied to receive our complexion of character from the world, not knowing what part of life's drama we are acting, or what kind of figure we cut before a numerous and discerning audience: of one thing, however, we may be assured,—that our name is down in the play-bill, though the part we are acting should not be exactly the one which self-love would have assigned us: all artificial characters, therefore, should not forget how much easier it is to make a fool of themselves than of others, and that while they fancy they are the heroes of the piece, they may be but the mere spados of the entertainment, and refreshing the spectators at their own expense.

There is that upon the surface of character of not a few which gives general occasion to say, "You can do nothing for them!" Should one of these have just come out of the Queen's Bench, the presumption is that he will soon be there again; not that any thing in his future affairs might warrant the assertion, but merely because he is that kind of man. Here is one of the many instances where a man presents you with his own complexion of character; so that those who never learned to read may always be able to see.

Now, there are two kind of persons who think to defy this mental sapience: those mysterious beings who are generally spoken of as "persons you cannot make out," and those versatile characters who are so continually shifting and changing their colours that they can scarcely make out themselves. The former of these are not aware that their equivocal manners and safeguarded walk and conversation become the very inlets to the secret recesses of the mind, which open a door for suspicion; curiosity enters, and a few sable discoveries are made, not very creditable to the inner man. It is singular to observe what an especial hold the mind lays upon such characters, even where it is disposed to let others go; so that, when they think to veil themselves in obscurity, they, of all others, get the least quarter from those fertile imaginations which enrich them with faults which may not belong to them, in addition to those that do. These mystics, therefore, cannot be too frequently admonished of the fact, that when persons cannot find out what they are, they are sure to set them down at the worst. As to those motley-minded natures that are everything by turns and nothing long, no doubt they flatter themselves that the many-coloured characters

they assume will divert the eye and flit across the mind of the observer, like those floating and fugitive ideas which give the fancy chase, as though to baffle the pursuit: here, again, the mind's eye will arrest them in passing, but finding them not worth keeping, may pursue them no further, but dismiss them as mere phantoms of the mind, or skip-jacks of the imagination.

For the complexion of noted or illustrious characters we are superseded by the biographer, who frequently opens the door with a false key, and presents us with a variety of party-coloured portraits that we are obliged to take upon trust: the mind necessarily receives them as they are presented to it, entertains them without doubt or suspicion, and, in consequence, makes that its own which possibly never yet belonged to anybody. But take a one-sided view of character, or make an unbalanced experiment upon it,—expatiate upon the few evils which may be suspended to the character of a worthy man, or dwell with equal complacency upon the little good that may attach to a very unworthy one—and the result will be that they instantly change sides; that you disinherit the honest man and emancipate the rogue. As to statesmen (those chameleons of our nature, that are ever changing their colour with the times), it is difficult to ascertain their true complexion (if any complexion at all), and the more especially as they have not this surprising faculty entirely at their own disposal; being so much at the mercy of the press and party that they either receive the most brilliant complexions or are painted as black as a coal. We can only, therefore, speak feelingly where we cannot knowingly, and console them upon this remaining advantage—that if they lose their reputation in one place they are sure to get it up in another; nor are they ever likely to appear totally destitute, since there is scarcely an individual who has not a fancy dress of his own provided for them; so that if they ever should get out of favour they can never get out of fashion.

It is not a little singular that the imagination will work though everything else is quiet. Thus, when we hear of the name or adventures of any one, we not only embody it with a form, but give it a mind and match it with a complexion; else, why, upon seeing those of whose names we had only heard, such after-expressions as these—"Well, he's just the kind of man I expected to see;" or, "He is a very different man from the one I took him for." In short, there is not a character, however remote, or of whom we have received the slightest information, that will not be tintured with our imaginings. It is thus we are unable to separate mind from body, and body from mind; and this union of form and fancy is not intended in such instances to illustrate the true complexion of character so much as to shew the power of the imagination to create that which may neither be the image of one nor the other.

We have often heard it said by certain parties—"I have an unaccountable aversion to such and such persons, although it would seem to be against

my better judgment:" this seemingly causeless assertion may arise, in such repelling subjects, from something upon the surface of their character; such, possibly, as pride, affectation, or conceit, or that notional self-regard which too frequently allows the manners so to predominate over the mind as to deprive it of its otherwise genial and healthful complexion. Or, possibly, this repugnant feeling may be no less consequent on too great familiarity than upon too much reserve. Modes of recognition have frequently much to do with this; there are those who meet you as though they never saw you before, and part with you as if they never wish to see you any more: some persons take you, or rather shake you, by the hand as though they were going to shake it off; or give you a hearty squeeze about as grateful to the feelings as the grasp of a handvice: others, again, have a passive method of allowing you to take their hand, which they give you upon the flat, and then pass it so frigidly through yours that you really feel glad when it is gone; but when this retiring hand of friendship is accompanied by an ungracious look from a cold suspicious eye, and it should meet us so unexpectedly that one's nature cannot avoid the freezing contact, it shrinks as it were into its more congenial self. There is, also, what may be termed the patronizing mode of bestowing the hand; this you are to receive as something more than complimentary, being given, or rather granted, in an erect or sitting posture, to make you the more sensible of the condescension. Then there is the ceremonious shake of the hand, which is attended with as many compliments as the season will afford, and, in some obsolete cases, with—"Pray excuse my glove!" as though the article required as much apology as the wearer. Now, if this is intended as a certificate of friendship, a most desirable thing it is to have this orderly method of showing it; for, as the world goes at present, it is seldom manifested in any other way; after all, it serves to keep things tolerably well together, and is a very convenient kind of currency, especially for some bankrupts in morals, by acting like promises on tissue paper, which good faith, if tested, would amount to something less than threepence in the pound.

That character should lose so much of its complexion on its near approach is sometimes as unfortunate as it is singular: for instance, there is scarcely a connection in which it may not be said there one or more individuals of such a complexion of character as to render it our duty and interest to avoid, and that from the fact of the mental impression we may have been justly under towards them being so likely to be lost in a personal interview; thus it has frequently happened that persons have allowed themselves, against their better convictions, to be so diverted and disarmed by lying looks and insinuating manners as to repeat their favours, and add still further to an old stock of unrepaid obligations; while the party no sooner disappears than his complexion of character revives, and they know not which to blame most—his insincerity, or their own credulity: nay, there have

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been instances where a character has been of such a depraved and unalterable complexion, that the mind has been predeterminedly made up against any renewed attack, and yet has yielded after the same manner, through some sudden or accidental meeting, to the greater astonishment of themselves, and even to the surprise of the impostor. The fact is, that nothing seems real but what is present; this may be all very felicitous for our present well-being, but not always so profitable for our future well-doing; and may furnish another reason why persons are rather to be timed than trusted. A man may have a pleasing interview with his friend or patron, that would seem to give promise of very great things, while his after-impressions from what may have transpired might so alter the complexion of the affair as to give a very different colouring to his views; and so of many an individual who might have been sacrificed to the passing imposition of vain words and specious looks, were it not for the mind's retrospective eye, to which is reserved the faculty of putting the whole together. There are few persons who are not indebted to this optical privilege of the mind; but if there are those who are not thankful for it, it can only be such as cannot make it exclusively theirs, and for this private reason—that the advantage of seeing the character of others is not at all equal to that of concealing their own.

Similarity of sentiment may classify two individuals of the same character who may be of very opposite complexions; as from the different mode or medium through which the sentiment may be conveyed they would not appear to others under the same aspect. While the one might seem to be acting under restraints, the other would come out, as it were, with the special license of privileged men and women, and say or do with impunity what would scarcely be tolerated in the other; insomuch that any attempt in either at an interchange of behaviour would create astonishment, if not ridicule. Whatever persons may affect or fail to discover in character, they are always able and willing to remark upon what lies on the surface of it; and hence the impolicy as well as absurdity of many innocent persons, who, by depriving their character of its natural complexion, and discolouring it by substituting that of another, have laid themselves open to censure, if not suspicion, where they never should have been marked by anything worse than indiscretion. From such inconsistencies it is clear, that every one has an element of his own, out of which it is as unsafe breathing as that of a fish out of water.

As this provisional faculty was implanted in us for mutual comfort and defence, a right use and improvement of it would answer the most important ends of society. The slanderer should especially consult this complexion of character, and before he ventures to injure the reputation of another, would do well to consider how far he is risking his own. He should acquaint himself with the fact, that there are different persons, to whom different properties and propensities belong, and to be very cautious

how he inverts the natural order of things, by attributing to one person what is only due to another, or more probably, perhaps, to himself, lest his over-anxiety to vilify or degrade should deprive him of the use of the couplet—

“If you would have your story true,
Keep probability in view;”

or before he may be furnished with a practical solution of the proverb, “the fowler caught in his own snare.” Without this complexionary caution the adversary may become your greatest friend; for giving the mind the wrong direction is frequently the means of setting it right, by instituting enquiries that might lead to the discovery of opposite virtues, and such as the persecuted party was never known before to possess; besides the additional advantage of gaining the bad opinion of those whose ill-name would be sufficient to establish the reputation of any one. A misdirected accusation brings with it both its bane and antidote, from the consideration that a mere assertion would be enough to fasten upon some characters what a host of evidence would scarcely substantiate in others, and might only stand out as so many moral contradictions to an absurdity which carries, according to the vulgar saying, “a lie in the very face of it.” He should also recollect that there are prevailing tints in the complexion, that may be called fast colours, which any attempt to dislodge, or to substitute others for them that it is not capable of receiving, would be as absurd as attaching cowardice to Nelson, or inhumanity to Howard; or, what is about as misfitting, as meekness to Lord Thurlow, or generosity to old Elwes; and would find no place of deposit but in the confidence of the receivers-general of false reports. In all such cases the breath of calumny is like the natural breathing upon any pure and polished surface, that may dull and obscure it for a time, but which is presently dissipated, and soon loses all traces of ever having been there. It is thus that complexion of character is either self-exposing or self-protecting; and, in the latter instance, may be considered as a kind of armour of the mind, which provides for its inhabitant a security against every thing but fate: but in either view of it, if not the substance it is the sign of character, which stands invitingly out, or acts as a beacon to warn us of too near an approach.

The use of this common faculty of discerning through this complexionary medium is always available, except in the perverse cases of those who, having an eye for consistency but no mind to be troubled about it, have contracted an idle habit of taking people at their words, and are ever complaining of being deceived; with no other self-correction to their credulity than what they supply by their common words of wonder—“Who would have thought it!” or where (more fatally) prejudice or partiality may interpose the last covering to a bad complexion, in those cases where the most misplaced attachments or unwarrantable dislikes are taken, and which, when inquired into, might be found to

arise from incongenial sentiments or kindred sympathies, which free them from those observations they are rather unwilling than unable to make. Nevertheless, there is a transparency in the complexion through which the object may always be seen, although in a mist; unless the mind's eye be impaired, and then, like the natural one, it will be as blind to everything else. ~~Still there is a~~ *delusion* than *illusion* in this, and the removal of such moral obstructions would be the means of preventing many of those great and fatal mistakes which have been left to the course of time and experience to rectify.

It is this complexion of character which throws a halo round the shades of departed worth, and preserves the moral and mental resemblance of the object the most entire; insomuch that the mind increases its tenacity on the more enduring excellences in proportion to its fading recollection of form and feature. But even this must have its season; it will not compensate for the loss of portraiture, in which nature receives from art its last impress and true complexion, and affords the only material to which we can at any period resort to refresh the eye or revive the imagination;—an imperishable memorial, which, when time may have obliterated almost every other feeling, will constitute its best, and frequently its last remains.

It may be objected, that under bereaving circumstances the mind forms a too fond and partial view of character; but this is what it rather desires to entertain than calmly consents to. A nicer balance may be preserved than we are aware of: many a little fault or infirmity, once scarcely excused, will then be charitably allowed for; while many a virtue, not sufficiently appreciated, will find its right place in our esteem. Of persons departed, either in or out of the pale of our connexion, and from whom we may or may not have received injury,—the ideal notion of them which they bequeath to us might be equally correct. This may be partly accounted for from the religious or superstitious observance, that "we should never speak ill of the dead;" though, by the by, that depends upon how long they have been dead, as we are allowed to say what we please of such bygone characters as Judge Jeffries or Bishop Bonner: in all recent cases, however, we are to suppose the angry passions are buried with them; so that, in proportion as the tongue is put under restraints, the mind becomes the more at liberty, and the ideal picture it presents of different characters is such as to give both saint and devil their due.

This complexion of character does not belong exclusively to individuals, but to communities; and upon its complexion depends their recognized respectability. "Union is strength," so all monopolizing companies assure us, and the shut-out individual is quite sensible of it: no one doubts their power (of doing mischief) at least. "The old man and the bundle of sticks" may do well as an illustration of virtuous bands, that is, if we know where to find them; but the kind of compact seems now to be put in the hands of gentlemen who, in

binding up the sheaves and providing for our necessities, make all the difference between the cord and the cat-o'-nine-tails; to say nothing of those private monopolists who unite all these virtues in one. But leaving these gentlemen to their own work (and very short work they seem to be making of it), it should be noticed ~~comprehensively~~, that ~~there is~~ what is called the complexion of our affairs, where every individual determines his relative situation under the general aspect of things. This the sentimental (not the merely statistical) statesman knows: he is aware that the complexion of character of a people is the moral atmosphere which surrounds the community, and under its influence it is that he works his whole machinery. Beyond this, there is among nations a complexion of character, which is felt and acknowledged by every state, under colour of which they severally exercise their caution or place their confidence; and in this respect it is not presuming to assert, that our country has conceded to it the preference over every other. It may possibly be a fact either overlooked or not sufficiently considered, that the whole world is in the constant exercise of a faculty it may not be aware to what an extent it possesses; and which faculty may be so improved by applying this idea portraiture to the positive lines of physiognomy, as to answer more beneficial purposes than those of mere speculation, in turning both the character and its complexion to good moral and political account.

As it is of necessity, from what has been advanced, that a variety of cases must be attended with uncertainty or conjecture, from a partial or total ignorance of the character itself, still the mental impression will be there, which renders it the more necessary that the ideal formation should be the result of some knowledge of the individual; if, however, after the closest observation, there should be that upon the surface of character which may appear at all doubtful or equivocal, the positive lines of physiognomy may be safely consulted, so as to come in exposition or confirmation of the whole: and as to this constructive view of the subject is alone capable of being reduced to the rules of art, in order that nothing should be wanting to establish its principles, it remains only for the pencil to determine its points, and become the counterproof of the validity of the science.

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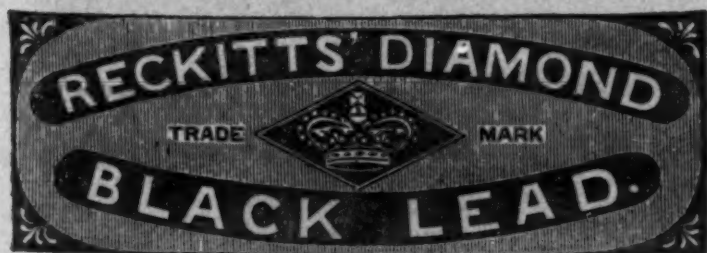
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These Bands are not only perfectly free from the unpleasant smell of sulphur, which detracted so much from the value of the old bands, but have, on the contrary, a very agreeable perfume. They are equal in elasticity and strength to the original, somewhat softer, not liable to be affected by the climate, and are superior in every respect to anything yet introduced for placing round and securing papers and parcels of every description. Price from 6d. per Box, in assorted sizes.

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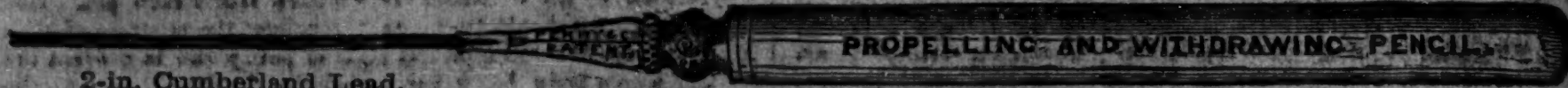
PERRY & CO.'S PROPELLING AND WITHDRAWING PENCILS can now be had, fitted with Red, Blue, and Black Solid Ink, at 3d., 6d., and 1s. each, and upwards. Two inches of Solid Ink in each Pencil.

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THE QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

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QUEEN INSURANCE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

CAPITAL—£1,000,000 STERLING.

At the Annual Meeting of the Proprietors, held at Liverpool, on the 21st October, 1863, BERNARD HALL, Esq., Chairman of the Company, in the Chair, the Directors' Report for the Year stated:—

That the Fire Premiums for the Year amounted to	£70,300
Being an increase over the preceding Year of	22,880
That the Life Premium Receipts for the First Three Years were	15,249
And for the past Three Years	48,557
Being an increase in the latter triennial period over the former of	23,308
That the amount accumulated since last Meeting, as a Fire Reserve Fund, was	23,427
And the Amount added to the Life Fund was	13,743
That during the past Five Years the Company had paid for Claims	106,515

SPECIAL BONUS NOTICE.

The Life Liabilities have just been valued on the soundest principles, viz., Net Premiums, at 3 per cent. interest, and the Bonus participating Policy-holders averaged as much as 46 per cent. per Annum of the Premiums paid, while, in some instances, it was as high as 65, and even 75 per cent.

ENERGETIC AGENTS REQUIRED

for Home and Foreign Fire and Life Business, where the Company is not at present influentially represented. Persons desirous of acting for the Company, and having Insurances to transfer, incur no expense for their clients, and will be treated with on advantageous terms.

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